MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE — MECHANIC ARTS — GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

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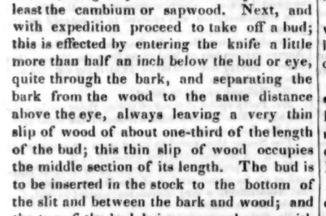

'Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.'

THE SEASON FOR BUDDING.

The season for budding, or, as some call it, innoculating, is at hand, and we wish every young lad, or young man either, and we don't care if the young women, too, would learn the art, for it is a very useful art and one much used in the propagation of fruit trees, roses, shrubs, &c., &c. The time for doing this is when the bark slips easily and can be separated readily from the wood. It could be more readily described and understood if we had an engraving to illustrate the mode.

We will extract the following from Kemrick's work on orcharding, at the same time advising those who may live in the vicinity of some one who understands the art, to get him to show them how it is done, which he can do in a few minutes. Innoculating, says Kemrick, is the operation of transferring any particular and desirable variety of tree upon the stock of an inferior or wild variety. The operation is principally practiced on small trees, and only during the time the sap flows freely, and chiefly during the month of August and September. (We have generally found it advisable to begin before this. Different years have different periods; that is, the periods may come earlier or later; many kinds do best if budded in July. Ed.) Select for the buds the ripest young twigs of the present year, and cut off the leaves, leaving the footstalk entire. Having selected a smooth place in the stock, make a perpendicular slit downward, quite through the bark, an inch or a little more in length. Make a cross cut at the top of this slit, quite through to the wood, a little slanting downward; next, with the ivory haft of the budding knife (a smooth, flat, thin piece of hardwood will answer if you have no knife made on purpose. Ed.) raise the bark on both sides from top to bottom, being very careful not to injure in the least the cambium or sapwood. Next, and with expedition proceed to take off a bud; this is effected by entering the knife a little more than half an inch below the bud or eye, quite through the bark, and separating the bark from the wood to the same distance above the eye, always leaving a very thin slip of wood of about one-third of the length of the bud; this thin slip of wood occupies the middle section of its length. The bud is to be inserted in the stock to the bottom of the slit and between the bark and wood; and the top of the bud being squared even with the cross cut, every part, except the eye, is firmly bound and covered with strong, wet bass string or matting.

It is immaterial whether the cross cut is made at the top or bottom of the slit. It generally succeeds equally in both cases. Europeans generally take out the whole of the wood, and when the season is advanced and the sap flows freely, it is deemed the surest mode, always leaving the root of the bud. The string or bass matting is to be taken off as soon as it begins to girdle the tree, which is generally in about ten days. In the following spring, if the bud is alive, the stock may be cut off about a quarter of an inch above the bud, sloping downwards on the opposite side.

CONVERTING PEAT TO COW DUNG.

Dr. Dana, it is well known, discovered that peat may be changed to the same ingredients as cow dung. The latter is nothing but vegetable matter pulverized by the cattle's teeth, and containing certain salts with which it is combined in its passage through the animal. Peat is also vegetable matter, containing certain acids and other ingredients which prevent its decomposition or rotting. By neutralizing these it becomes similar in its composition to cow dung.

To effect this, he advises to mix 30 lbs. of potash or 20 lbs. of soda ash, or, what is more economical and equally as good, eight bushels of unleached wood ashes to every cord of peat as it is dug. Leached ashes will also answer, but they must be added in proportion of one part to three of peat.

Four cords of peat, he observes, contain as much fertilizing matter as the manure of a cow during the year. Mr. Phinney ascertained, by his experiments, that when one part of green animal manure is added to two of peat, it makes the whole equal to unmixed cow manure, thus increasing it two-thirds.

All peats and muck, as we before observed, contain something while in their beds that prevent its rotting; take this away and it readily decomposes and becomes capable of being dissolved and entering into the sap of plants to nourish them. This is usually some acid or astringent matter, or both. The alkalies, such as soda or potash, neutralize it and render it decomposable.

Size and Longevity of Vine. In Northallerton, a single vine trailed against a range of buildings, covered, in 1792, the enormous extent of one hundred and thirty-eight square yards. It was then upwards of one hundred years old, and the principal stem measured fifteen inches in diameter. The vine frequently attains a great age. Pliny mentions one which was ascertained to be six hundred years old. Miller asserts that, notwithstanding the common vine bears liberally at three or four years, vineyards, properly pruned and cultivated, improve till fifty. In France and Italy there are vineyards, in full bearing, which are said to have been cultivated more than three centuries. Grape vines are often of prodigious dimensions. Strabo mentions one which two men could not embrace. As the wood of very ancient vines is extremely hard and compact, the larger ones are frequently manufactured into planks and used for furniture and household utensils, and is said to be almost indistructible. w.

APPLES IN EVEN AND ODD YEARS.

Our friend Cole, Editor of the Boston Cultivator, has a theory in regard to apples which he avers is correct. It is this:—There are more apples produced in what may be called even years, that is, in years that may be divided by 2 without a remainder, than there are in odd years, or years that cannot be divided by 2 without a remainder.

For instance, the seasons being equally favorable, more apples were produced in 1840, '42, '44 and '46, than there were in 1841, '43 and 45, and that this rule will hold good in future seasons, being equally favorable and taking all kinds together. Now we do not suppose that there is any peculiar magic in the fact of a year's being even or odd, as it regards the production of apples; but we all know that most varieties of apple trees bear most in alternate years: that is, they will bear abundantly in one year and not so abundantly the next. This, we suppose, is not owing to the arbitrary date of the year, or to the peculiar relation of divisor and dividend, but to the fact of the fruit propagating powers of the tree being somewhat exhausted, and requiring one season of rest to recruit.

It may be a fact that the great majority of our trees, from some cause unknown, partake of this character, and while a smaller number bear equally well every year, and a small number have their bearing years and resting years opposite to the others. The only way to establish the fact of the coincidence of the majority of our orchards bearing most abundantly on even years, is to carefully note the amount of apples raised in a number of orchards, and also keep a journal of the weather and circumstances which may have an influence for or against the production of fruit. Having established the fact it will then be time to search out the cause.—Whether the cause be ascertained or not, if it be true that there are actually more apples produced in even years than in odd, it will be an object to increase the number of those trees that produce well in odd years.—We know nothing of this matter from any accurate observations of our own, and merely mention the thing to excite observation and enquiry in regard to it for the purpose of eliciting the truth.

PISTORICAL SCRAP ABOUT RUTA BAGA.

In Young's Annals of Agriculture, 1789, we find mention made of the Ruta Baga in a letter to Mr. Young, from Robert Bogle, Esq., of Daldowie, near Glasgow, in Scotland.

This valuable root was then just introduced from Sweden and almost wholly unknown. It has since, in conjunction with the flat turnip and clover, been the means of more than doubling the amount of stock kept in Great Britain.

An extract from the letter reads thus:—"In compliance with the promise I gave you, when I had the pleasure of meeting you last year in London, I now inclose a small parcel of the Roota Baga seed.

It may, perhaps, be known in England, but it is new to us in this country, having been imported from Sweden about two years ago, where, it is said, they cultivate it both for the table and for their cattle; and, it is also said, it stands the severity of the frost, even in that climate.

This plant resembles the turnip very much, both in the shape of its root, and in the manner in which it produces its seed; but it differs materially in other respects, for the leaves are not of the same shape and grow much more upright than the turnip; the root is of a more firm and solid texture, and the skin or rind is much thicker; it has a very agreeable taste, something like the artichoke, and it is not so watery, either raw or boiled, as the turnip.

I had only three plants of it in my garden. I pulled one of them from a desire to taste it, and the company at table gave it the preference; they also thought the leaves of it equal to spinage. This plant weighed five pounds six ounces; the others, which remained for seed, grew to a larger size, and as nearly as I could judge, had they been weighed, they would have reached at least twelve pounds each.

The seeds I now send you are perfectly fresh and good. * * * I am sorry that I cannot spare you a larger quantity. I have but little of it, and have promised to supply a number of my friends with a few grains each.

I have a peculiar pleasure in transmitting those seeds to you, being fully persuaded that if you find it a new plant in this island, possessing real, intrinsic qualities, you will cultivate it with attention; and you will, also, disseminate the knowledge of it far and wide."

Mr. Young was very thankful for the seed and promised to have experiments tried with it. Three years afterwards he published an account of experiments instituted, in regard to the culture of this root, by John Anstruther, who came to the following conclusion:—"On the whole, I am already of opinion that the *roota baga* is a most valuable root, whether it is used either by taking up a quantity previous to a snow storm, or of pulling up in the spring and laid by to be used after our common turnips are gone."

Fruit Conventions. We see that the friends of good fruit are about following the plan that has been adopted with us, in calling conventions of fruit growers.

S. W. Jewett, of Vermont, is urging the necessity of a convention and formation of a society in Vermont, and F. R. Elliot is rousing the lovers of good fruit up to the same thing in Ohio.

Go ahead, gentlemen. If you can get a general turn out of people, bringing with them good native fruit, such as apples, you will be astonished at the variety of really good apples that are raised around you. The only method to search them out and test their qualities, is to combine together in an association, and bring specimens together for comparison and examination.

To destroy Insects on Trees, Shrubs, &c.—Tie up some flour of sulphur in a piece of gauze, and dust the plants with it.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

This is a valuable root, and should the potato plague continue to baffle the efforts of cultivators, it will, undoubtedly, be had recourse to, in order to supply, in some measure, its place. When it was first introduced into this country, it was generally designated by the appellation of "Canada Potato," and we recollect having heard it so called, by old people, only a few years since. It was was also known by the name of the "Virginia potato." It has ever, we believe, been regarded as a wholesome root, and possesses a mild and agreeable flavor, though it is not, when cooked, dry and mealy like the potato. It is, however, very nutritious, and is eagerly partaken of by stock, especially in winter, when roots of all kinds are particularly palatable to them from their superior succulence. The yield of the artichoke, per acre, is from ten to fifteen hundred bushels, on good soil, and we have read of even greater crops,—in one instance as high, we think, as two thousand.

In some sections of the country the artichoke is had recourse to for stocking hog pastures, and for this purpose is said to be highly valuable. We do not know that any one in this vicinity has, as yet, paid much attention to its cultivation; but from what we hear, we rather incline to the supposition that it will soon become a prominent production and of great value, particularly as a feed for stock.

Should the present tendency of the potato to deteriorate be further developed, we are sanguine that our only resource will be found in the artichoke. Our swine must be supported, and if we make corn and other grains the only feed, pork raising and fattening will be attended with almost ruinous expense. As we are desirous of ascertaining, accurately, the value of the artichoke, we have made arrangements to cultivate it on a small scale, the present season, and in this effort we hope we shall be followed by others. Can any one furnish us with a few bushels of the tubes?

w.

[For the Maine Farmer.]

INDUCING FRUITFULNESS IN PEAR TREES.

Friend Holmes:—There are many varieties of pears amongst us which are inclined to grow very erect, with lofty and luxuriant tops, but do not fruit until ten or fifteen years old unless their habits are changed by art.

The free and vigorous circulation of the sap forms leaf instead of fruit buds, except when its progress is retarded by some artificial mode.

Various methods have been practiced to bring such trees into bearing while young. Heading down the top causes the tree to throw out lateral branches and fruit spurs, and generally produces the desired effect if performed in season. Some of the finest trees I ever saw were in the nursery of M. P. Wilder, Dorchester, President of Mass. Horticultural Society. He informed me that they were headed down one year previous to removing as standards—that they had a more vigorous constitution and came into bearing much earlier than when forced upward with slender branches.

Root pruning is sometimes successfully practiced. The object is to cut off a part of the nourishment so as to check the growing energies of the tree, and fruit buds will form the next season; this should be performed in the fall or first of winter.

But when trees have attained the height of eight to fifteen feet, the most simple and effectual mode of rendering them productive is to bend the limbs down below a horizontal position, and tie them to the main stem or to stakes driven into the ground; it should be performed in this month or early in next, and fruit buds will form for next season. We are satisfied, from experience, that it is well worth the trial. Our trees which have been thus trained have borne well, and now promise a much larger crop than others which have retained their upright form.

S. N. Taber.

Vassalboro', 6th Mo., 1847.

Plaster—its operation. We have frequently heard it asserted by farmers, that plaster, after it has been applied for one or two years to crops, on the same soil, ceases, in some instances, to produce any beneficial effects. Liebig, in one of his able works, explains the cause of this as follows:—

"When we increase the crop of grass in a meadow," says he, "by means of gypsum, we remove a greater quantity of potash with the hay, than can, under the circumstances, be restored; hence it happens that, after the lapse of several years, the crops of grass, on the meadows manured with gypsum, diminish, owing to the deficiency of potash." If, when we apply plaster or gypsum we should mix common house ashes with it, or apply it to the soil either before or after bestowing the former, we should find the action of the latter as energetic in the tenth or twentieth year as in the first. This has been demonstrated by experiment, and those who remain sceptical have only to test the validity of theory to satisfy themselves of its verity. On soils of a clayey texture, we consider gypsum one of the best applications. We have tested its value in a variety of instances, and have no scruple in recommending it, especially as a "manure" for lands in grain and grass. w.

Salt and Charcoal for Hogs. Swine should be liberally supplied with charcoal, also with brimstone and salt. We do not wish it to be understood, however, that these articles should be kept constantly in their troughs, or introduced daily into their food; but the first is necessary to correct the bad tendency of certain kinds of aliment, and should be administered in quantities from a quart to two quarts, as often as once a week. Salt should be freely given. When not introduced as a seasoning in their "mush" or "swill," it should be placed in their troughs and kept constantly by them. Brimstone should be given in dough, say one roll per month, or half a roll every other week. w.

[Original Translation—Continued.]

MANUAL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE.

TRANSLATED, FOR THE MAINE FARMER, FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LEBEAUD, IN

L'Encyclopedie des Sciences et des Arts.

WITH NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

Retention of Urine.

This disease, which is sufficiently explained by its name, is commonly caused by an inflammatory state of the bladder, which swells the neck and shuts the passage leading from it; or by the presence of gravel or stone in the bladder. In the first condition, an unnatural heat is perceived, on placing the hand on the region of the bladder,—and in the second case, the urine is mixed with blood or pus, or contains more or less gravel;—in either case the horse attempts frequently to pass urine, and often without success, or only passes the urine drop by drop—he becomes feverish—swells prodigiously, if the retention is complete or nearly so, and dies in a few days if not relieved. Bleeding and injections—fomentations over the region of the kidneys, and frictions with oil upon the region of the bladder, are the principal means upon which we should rely.

One of the pills, No. 47, may be given night and morning; and the mixture, No. 48, may be given to counteract the bad effect of stone or gravel in the bladder, when other means fail. Diuretic medicines, or those calculated to promote the secretion of urine, would, of course, do more harm than good, and should not be made use of.

[Note. In cases of mares, it is a very easy thing to draw the water off by means of a catheter. We have used a small lead tube for this purpose when nothing else was at hand. It is more difficult to do this in horses, because the passage is longer and more crooked, but it might be done by means of a long flexible catheter. Ed.]

Ulcers.

A sore from which matter is constantly secreted. They proceed from some internal cause, which has absorbed the skin and subjacent parts—or they are wounds which remain unhealed. They differ from a healthy sore, or wound in the process of healing, in the appearance of their surface which is soft and commonly livid, from which exudes a liquid matter of a much more offensive smell than the thick matter from a recently opened abscess—they are difficult to heal—they attack all parts of the body without exception. In attempting the cure of an ulcer, we must first direct our attention to the state of the general health, and give the remedies which are calculated to purify the mass of the humors, as directed in the articles Farcy, Glanders, &c., correct the bad qualities of the discharge, cleanse the sore, produce a healthy suppuration, and in this way cause it to heal and become sound. The first indication will be fulfilled by the prudent use of tonic purgatives—by a wholesome diet—and by alteratives, such as the pills, Nos. 9 and 10, given according to circumstances. The sore should be dressed with turpentine or some stimulating salve—it should be often washed with warm spirit or some aromatic decoction, in which has been put a little camphorated spirit—all excrescences growing from the surface of the sore should be immediately removed by the knife, by cautery with the hot iron, or by the use of burnt alum, blue vitriol, or some other caustic;—if these means do not effect a cure, the sore should be dressed with tincture of myrrh or spirit of turpentine, and the whole covered with an emollient poultice. It may be managed as a common wound, when it is brought into a healthy condition. When the ulcer has sinuosities or deep ramifications connected with it, they should be laid open to the bottom, if it can be done without wounding any important part, and if this cannot be done safely, stimulating injections should be introduced to the bottom of the cavity. If the sore is fistulous, that is to say, deep and with a very narrow opening, it must be opened either with a knife or caustic, and injections or lint introduced to the bottom. It will be useless to attempt to heal a sore before it is brought into a healthy condition. Turpentine and stimulating salves—the tinctures of myrrh and of aloes—all the resinous and alcoholic preparations, and particularly the tincture No. 51, are very useful in the treatment of ulcers which affect the hoof—the cartilages, or the joints, the bones, or the tendons, the inflammation in these parts is of such a kind that strong stimulating remedies are required for its cure.

Varix.

Dilatation of a vein, or rupture of one of these vessels, most commonly of the vein on the inside of the gambril joint. This disease being produced by a relaxation of the tissues of the vessel, requires the use of powerful astringents, and in severe cases, of the actual cautery.

No. 47. Root of marshmallows in powder and hard soap, each a pound; mix with molasses and make into pills of two ounces each.

No. 48. Oil of almonds, eight ounces; syrup, four ounces; tincture of opium, (laudanum,) half an ounce. Mix.

No. 9. Calomel, a dram; red precipitate, half a dram; golden sulphuret of antimony, hard soap, ginger, gumguaiac, each a quarter of an ounce. Mix with molasses and form a pill.

No. 10. Aloes, an ounce; resin of jalap, ginger, and hard soap, each two drams; oil of sassafras, a dram. Mix with molasses and form a pill.

No. 51. Euphorbium in powder, three ounces; myrrh in powder, and salt of tartar, each an ounce; camphor, half an ounce. Digest the whole for a week, in the sun, or in a warm place near the fire, in a pint of alcohol.

Sir William Temple says:—"A garden has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers: the pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; an employment and possession for which no man is too high or too low. If we believe the Scriptures we must allow that the Creator esteemed the life of man in a garden the happiest he could give him, or else he would not have placed Adam in that of Eden."

JONATHAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE CATTLE SHOW.

Did y'ever to the Cattle Show go?
What kicking, and pushing, and goring—
Cattle in pens—the pens in a row—
And *tarnal* great hogs, there, a snoring.

There's sheep too; ewes, and wethers, and lambs—
Some *Bucks*; (some aren't *in pens* for's I know,)
There's sheep of the Dons—some Uncle Sam's—
Some Natives—some "real Merino."

There's a tug too, or trial of strength,
With hawing and geeing and scolding,
Just to twitch a great stone a foot's length—
"Haw! haw buck!—why don't ye!—gee golding!"

Then for plowing they give a reward,
And *cute* as a squirrel that burrows,
Oft start the plows, cut through the green sward,
A turning the *stickest* of furrows.

And then, sir, in a room that they've got,
There's an "ocean of notions" display'd,
There's blankets, and stockings, and—what not—
That the folks in their houses have made.

There's bonnets, both of straw and of grass,
And cloth too, of woolen and linen,
And there's yarn, and there's thread, smooth as glass,
That *gals* for themselves have been spinning.

There's hats, and there's shoes, and there's leather,
And there's—I can't tell half now, I fear—
Got a prize—gee ho! altogether!
And I'd go to the show twice a year.

Coal Ashes to keep bugs from Vines. We find the following in the Boston Cultivator, from the pen of S. H. Shurtleff: As every thing that will save a farthing to the farmer is worth putting in practice, and as Franklin, (or poor Richard) said a penny saved is as good as two pence earned, so if coal ashes will keep off bugs better than Plaster of Paris from squashes, cucumbers, and melons, it ought to be known and practiced.

Last week the striped bug came in showers on my vines, and in less than two hours my vines were covered with them. It appearing as if they would be devoured, I put on plaster, but it did not remove them. I then put on a quantity of coal ashes about a half a pint to a hill, by sifting it on, and in less than an hour, not a bug was to be seen. Then to try the comparative effects of plaster and ashes, I put some ashes on one hill and plaster on the next, and so on, alternately, and I found that in all cases the bugs left where the ashes were put on, while they remained where the plaster was used.

I found my melons all beset with the small black bug, that so often destroys melons and cucumbers. I directed my man to put ashes on them, and I was much pleased to find that the little insects immediately disappeared, and they have not returned since. I feel confident that the ashes of hard or soft coal will prove a sure remedy for keeping bugs from the vine; and as they are now considered almost worthless, I think that we shall find that no individual thing is made in vain.

As the use of ashes have served me so good a purpose, I thought it advisable to give my experience, that some others might try their efficacy. I also put them on turneps and radishes with equally good effect.

Increase of Grafted Trees. We are happy to see so much improvement in our orchards as has taken place since last March. Probably there never were so many trees grafted in Maine during one season as in the present.

Our neighbor, M. B. Sears, who is a very successful operator in this business, informs us that he has set 24000 (twenty-four thousand) grafts this season. He is but one of the many who have been engaged in the good work.

How Corn should be worked. The cultivator is the best instrument for tilling corn, and no farmer should be without it. It goes deep enough to eradicate weeds, but not so deep as to turn up the manure which ought to be applied to the corn crop. It almost dispenses with the labor of the hoe. It should be passed through the corn three times in the season, for the first time as soon as the corn is far enough advanced for a row to be plainly distinguished. Those not having a cultivator can use a small plough the first time, turning the furrows *from* the hills. The second time, use a harrow narrow enough to pass between the rows, furnished with handles. The reason for using the plough but once, is, to prevent the cutting off of the roots of the corn which by the time of the second working, have spread considerably. By any mode of culture, corn will pay well to be gone through three times. Leaving the ground clean for the succeeding crop is no small item. The ground should not be heaped up around the hills, but well stirred. Apply ashes and plaster mixed, at the first hoeing.

Having said how corn *should* be cultivated, it may not be amiss to mention how it ought not to be. You ought not defer the first hoeing until the corn is up, (or from its age *ought* to be,) knee high, and looks as yellow as though it had the fever and ague. There is neither sport nor profit in witnessing a struggle between your corn and the weeds—and you would be excusable if you did not stand by, and wait to see fair play; for corn is a tender plant, less hardy than its vagabond antagonists, and needs your help, which it will reward generously. You ought not to rest content with one hoeing, leaving the pigeon-grass and pig-weed to ripen their seeds in your field. You ought not to rest satisfied with getting 15 bushels of shelled corn to the acre—no, nor 40. Make up your mind that one acre well manured, and well cultivated, will bring more clear profit than ten managed in a slovenly way. [Michigan Farmer.

An Improvement in Bread Making.—Persons who are so unfortunate as to be poorly provided with those agents of mastication, good teeth, will be glad to know that there is a method of baking bread which obviates the necessity of a hard crust. The crust commonly attached to the loaf is not only troublesome to such persons, but is often the cause of much waste. The way to be rid of it is as follows. When the loaves are moulded, and before they are set down to "rise," take a small quantity of clean lard, warm it, and rub it lightly over the loaves. The result will be a crust beautifully soft and tender throughout. This is not guess-work.

[Prairie Farmer.

Preparation of Coffee. Coffee, when properly prepared, is a delicious and nutritious beverage; but judging from that which we frequently meet with, the best modes are seldom practiced. In *Silliman's Journal*, we find a notice of a memoir on Coffee by the distinguished French chemist, M. Payen. The results brought out by his chemical researches agree exactly with facts previously known in regard to this article. A great error in the preparation of coffee, is that it is *burned too much*, by which the liquid, when it is brought to the table, is destitute of agreeable flavor, and has a bitter, unpleasant taste. The reason of this is shown.

"Coffee roasted only till it becomes slightly red, preserves the maximum of weight and of aroma, but gives out less coloring matter. In this state, 100 parts are found to have lost 15, which 100 vols. have increased to 130. Roasted to a chestnut color, as is commonly done, the loss is 20 per cent., while the increase in volume is from 100 to 153. This swelling of the grain depends upon the property which the nitrogenous matter deposited within the tissue has of puffing up remarkably when heated.

"If the heat is continued until a dark brown color is produced, and the grain is covered with a sort of glaze, the loss is twenty-five per cent., while the original quantity of nitrogen, 2. 45 per cent., is reduced to 1. 77, being a loss of one-fourth."

The soluble matter was also found to be much greater in the coffee subjected only to a low degree of burning—the brown giving 16. 15, the chestnut-colored 19. 00, and the red 25. 00 per cent. The difference in "the aroma," it is added, "being nearly the same, the lower degree of roasting will produce not only the best and most nutritious beverage, but one free from the harsh and bitter flavor caused by the action of too high heat upon the nitrogenous matter. [Albany Cult.

Hen and Chickens. A writer on this subject, and let no one say it is not an important subject—in the Rochester American, gives the result of his experience in economizing the time with hens; and we think it worthy of being communicated to our readers. All who are familiar with rearing chickens, know that there are very few hens that will allow newly hatched chickens to be committed to their care when their own are a few days old. This the writer attributes to the fact that the hen has become acquainted with her own chickens, from colour, marks, &c., and considers the new comers in the light of intruders, which she too frequently punishes with death. To obviate this, he puts the first hen that hatches into a coop, and keeps her there with her chickens till another hatches, when he substitutes the second hen for the first, leaving the charge of the former; and when another hatches, she is put in place of the second, with all three broods—if the aggregate number do not exceed thirty—which he says she will take care of affectionately and efficiently. [Ex.

The Dandelion (*Leontodon Taraxacum*) can be easily grown from the seed, which vegetates as readily as that of lettuce.—Those who wish to grow this vegetable can prepare a bed as for carrots or beets; gather the seed as it ripens—say in June or July—and sow it at once. The plants need no protection unless the season should be very hot and dry, while they are young. They will attain a strong growth the first season, if started in June. [Prairie Farmer.

Sweet Corn for Green Fodder. A friend of ours, who keeps a large stock of cows, and who makes much use of corn as a green fodder in the latter part of summer and autumn, when the pasturage fails, informs us, that, for this purpose, he uses the shrivelled or sweet corn, and finds a great advantage in it. He thinks it far more nutritious than any other kind. If that and the common kind are fed to cattle at the same time, they will not touch the common while any of the other remains; and if they are mixed together they will select the sweet corn and leave the other. He thinks it would be better to pay five dollars a bushel for the sweet corn for this purpose, than to sow any other kind if it could be had for nothing. Let the experiment be tried by other farmers. [N. E. Farmer.

Draining. H. Colman, speaking of the evils of *stagnant* water in the soil beneath the surface says: "plants produced on a very wet soil, are unpalatable, innutritious, and insubstantial. Animals fed upon them always lose condition, and the manure of animals so fed is almost worthless. I saw this strikingly illustrated in the magnificent pork of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey. Here there were many spots where the grass was luxriant and abundant, on account their dampness, and which were entirely neglected both by the sheep and the deer; but wherever these places, once wet, had become thoroughly drained, they became the favorite resorts of these animals, and were fed as closely as possible."

Wax in Root Grafting. Messrs. Editors: I see in the January number of the Farmer, over the signature of 'J. B.,' Bunkerhill, his plan of grafting. I will now give you my plan on that subject. I use no wax at all. I graft in the winter, by placing my grafts in a box covered in part by dry dirt, and take them out in the spring without the least injury. I can graft one thousand per day. I have known this plan practiced since I was a boy. It is losing time for no benefit to use wax, as they will grow as well without, and but very little trouble in planting in the spring. C. B. E.

[Prairie Farmer.

Straw Manure. Farmers must learn to distinguish more than they have done between the *qualities* of manure, and think less comparatively of quantity. Manure from cattle barely kept alive on straw is not worth hauling half a mile. Oil-cake is much used in England as food for cattle, but would not be, were it not for the returns it makes in the *quality* of the manure. [Ex.

ELECTRIC CLOCK.

Among the inventions we have an *electric clock*—emanating from Scotland. The *London Universe* gives the annexed description:

"The clock is enclosed in a neat oak case, about four and a half feet in height, and one foot four inches wide. Its face is of ample dimensions, very plain in appearance, and is furnished with second, minute, and hour hands, in all respects similar to those of the usual construction. The pendulum is the same length as that of the ordinary old fashioned eight day clocks. Here, however, analogy ceases. It is true, there are some wheels and pinions to move the hands, and afford accurate indications of the divisions and progress of time; but these are few in number, and do their work in a manner totally different from those in other kinds of clocks. The electric clock has neither weight nor spring, nor power of any other kind, within itself, to keep it in motion; and it therefore never requires winding up.

Whence, then, does the electric clock derive its power of continuous motion? Wait a little—we will try to explain it.

There are two very small copper wires fixed in the angle of the clock-case, which communicate with similar wires at the back of the pendulum bar, and are thence continued to a coil of the same kind of wire enclosed in a circular brass box, which box constitutes what is usually termed the bob of the pendulum. The box being hollow, in the direction of its axis, the cavity thus formed admits of the insertion of two sets of permanent magnets, whose similar poles are placed near to, but not in contact with, each other. These magnets are kept in their places by being enclosed in brass boxes secured to the sides of the clock case. The pendulum is so adjusted that it has, of course, perfect freedom of motion; whilst in its oscillations it passes alternately the poles of the magnet just mentioned.

Leaving the clock for a few minutes, we now observed two copper wires, the ends of which are in contact with those within the case. Continuing their course along the wall, these wires pass out of doors, descend below the surface of the earth, and, at a short distance from the house are connected, the one with a few bushels of coke, and the other with five or six plates of zinc. These materials are buried in a hole in the earth, about four feet square, and five feet deep, the coke being placed at the bottom with a layer of earth above it, and then the zinc plates are laid thereon, and the whole covered up, thus forming a galvanic battery. Here consists the power which imparts motion to the clock; a current of electricity being induced by the coke and zinc, which, although of low intensity, is unlimited as to quantity, the source whence it is derived being the earth itself. The pendulum being set in motion and the current of electricity through the wires established, a beautiful arrangement of simple mechanism immediately comes into operation, by means of which the circuit is broken and renewed at each alternate oscillation. Thus by the skill of the inventor, the combined agencies of galvo-electricity, electro magnetism, and permanent magnetism, are made to produce an uniform and, so to speak, perpetual motion of the pendulum; and we obtain a time measurer of such extraordinary accuracy that we believe it will bear comparison, in this respect, with the best constructed chronometer.

If it be desired to have other clocks in different parts of the house, that we have been describing requires only to be connected with them by a copper wire, and the circuit completed to the battery; and they will all be kept going by the motion of the pendulum, and record exactly the same time. So also the public clocks in a town, could, by similar means, be made to synchronise.

Such is the electric clock, invented by Mr. Alexander Bain, of Edinburgh—a gentleman deservedly known in the scientific world."

On the Construction of Chimneys. In constructing chimneys, the builder should bear in mind that the facility for the passage of air through a funnel depends entirely upon his labor in its formation. The more direct the funnel, the more regular in its size, and the smoother its surface, the more perfect will be the draft. The greater length you add to a funnel by giving it abrupt turns or "breaks," (as they are sometimes called,) the less useful it is for the purpose for which it is designed. A funnel 8 inches square, made perfectly smooth and even in its inner surface, and perpendicular in its direction, will conduct a stronger draft than one twice the size which is irregular in its form, with a rough surface, and having abrupt turns. A separate funnel, for each room, should be carried all the way up the chimney; and if this is not done the area of each funnel should equal in measurement that of all the flues leading into it. A chimney in a conical form, with a gradual increase of area as it is carried up, will be much more regular in its draft at the apex than that of the ordinary construction, where the outlet of the funnel is smaller than the bottom or inlet. The most prominent difficulty in the draft of chimneys is occasioned by discrepances in the formation of the funnel. [Fisk's Fuel Almanac.

Butter. To remove the milk with or without the use of water? That is the question. Premiums have been obtained, after both processes. The nicest *potted* table butter we have seen this winter was from Mrs.—(we like to give the house-wife credit where we can)—was from Mrs. Hammond's dairy, near Ellicott's Mills, Md. The milk was expressed altogether without the use of water. [Ex.

Bees.—Bees should not be kept on the south side of a wall or building, but on the north side. If kept on a southern exposure, they will be tempted to leave their hives while the general atmosphere is yet cold, and perish before they can return. [Prairie Farmer.

To raise Locust Trees.—Plant the seed an inch deep, after having, early in the spring, poured boiling water over them to soak for twenty-four hours.

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1847.

TOLERATION OF THE AGE.

It is a general opinion that the present is an age of great toleration and christian forbearance. Is it so? No doubt there is some progress in the principles of toleration, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, there is much amelioration in the practical operations of Intolerance. The stake, and the faggots, and the dungeon, and the scaffold, are not now so much in use as they were many years since, when the stronger parties were accustomed to silence their opponents by visiting them with bodily suffering and loss of life. But the principle which prompted mankind in those days, is still lurking among us. The claws and the tushes of the persecuting tiger may have been cut away; but the spirit which would use them, if these were still there, is yet alive, and often makes itself manifest by the growls and snarls which are uttered against those who may dare to think in a different manner, and to draw practical conclusions wholly opposite, though it be upon the same subject. As a writer some years ago observed, "whoever cannot look upon the most opposite faith and opinions of his neighbor in religion, in politics and the ordinary concerns of life, without any feeling of temper and bitterness in view of that difference, is in heart and spirit intolerant."

The change of action which this spirit is subject to, may not be so full of misery as it used to be, when the blood of the offending party was required to expiate the sin of daring to think differently from your neighbor, especially in religious matters; but it is still active and seeks to keep up an advantage indirectly, by the aid of the press—by subjugating the ballot box to its sway, and by hedging up the avenues of social life so as to preclude those who indulge in sentiments foreign to those who would square every man's ideas upon the various topics of religion, politics and the common concerns of life, with his own notions.

The same writer very aptly observes that the "whole world is divided into millions of little parties and sects, often finding the bitterest germs of contention in the smallest differences.

Scarcely one in ten thousand of all these sects and parties, has real philosophic magnanimity enough to perceive that all other men have as much claim for indulgences to their opinions as he exacts for his own."

We can hardly take up a religious or political paper without finding the imprint of intolerance about it; and though, as we have before observed, there is not so much personal, bodily suffering inflicted as of old, there is full as much bitterness of invective and severity of reproach and remark, as in the days when they roasted the body of a heretic for the good of his soul; and if it dared, would, probably, in the course of a few years, act with as high and strong a hand as it ever did. We thought that thirty years of peace had so tamed mankind that they began to approximate to the real character of christians, and that most of the swords had been beaten into ploughshares, and *all* the spears into pruning hooks; but we can see how mistaken we were.

The spirit had become dormant, but by no means dead. So it is with the intolerant spirit. It is not dead, and has only relinquished the sanguinary tools with which it used to kill the body of its victim, and taken up those of a conventional character, and which act upon his reputation and property in that kind of indirect, *uncomeatable* way by which it may itself be secure of danger, while it stabs an opponent in some tender point, to the great detriment of his character, business or purse.

All the intolerant are not dead yet. They are merely reposing, and need to be watched, lest they wake up as angry and remorseless as of old.

Tobacco. In Spain the government has rendered tobacco a very lucrative source of revenue. In fact, it has reserved to itself the entire right of disposing of it. To the government, in its perfectly prepared state, the cost is about two reals, or five pence per pound, and is disposed of to the consumer at the exorbitant price of *fifty reals*, or ten shillings per pound. Smoking forms the chief, and, perhaps, the only excess of the Spaniard. He is rarely seen intoxicated. The wines of Spain are remarkably high, and he is frequently unable to indulge even in them. But every male smokes. "The general, the soldier, the judge, the criminal, and even the lover breathes out all the tenderness of his amorous soul in puffs of the genuine Havana. In short, it is as natural to expect smoke from the mouth of a Spaniard as from the top of a tavern chimney."

Of the cigars used by the Dons, those from the Havana are preferred as being more aromatic, and these often cost as much as sixpence a piece. Smoking, consequently, when excessively indulged, is rather a costly gratification in Spain. W.

The Inquisition—Olavide. There are few, perhaps, who have not heard of the bloody terrors of the Spanish Inquisition. This ghostly court was held in a building, formerly occupied as a college by the Jesuits —the most able and enlightened, but the most dangerous of the orders of the church of Rome. Its terrors, have, of late years, greatly abated, and executions are now comparatively rare. The last victim in Seville was Olavide, a person of much respectability, who had passed many years of his useful life in the provinces of South America, and who beneficently appiled the wealth he had there amassed, to the improvement of the Sierra Morena, and to the adorning and improvement of the public walks.

He had, however, read the productions of some of the French unbelievers, and was suspected of having imbibed their peculiar tenets. On this charge, unproved, if not unfounded, he was incarcerated within the walls of the Inquisition, where he passed many years of his life in solitary confinement. W.

Lying Lightning. The speculators have made the very elements lie for them. On the arrival of the Cambria, three several messages were sent by the electric telegraph to Buffalo, announcing a farther rise of flour, and prices took a start there subsequently. A large flour dealer sent word to his agents to sell all of his flour in their hands, which they did at a handsome profit; and soon after the true statement that flour had fallen in England, was received. Who is answerable for sending this lying spirit to Buffalo?

ST. JOHN'S DAY IN WINTHROP.

The United Brothers' Division of the Sons of Temperance in Winthrop, held a celebration on the 24th. Almost the whole week previous had been excessively rainy, but it cleared off on that morning and they had one of the most delightful days that has been during this season. The muddy condition of the roads prevented many from the adjoining towns from uniting with them in their festivities. A procession was formed at the Hall by the Brethren of that and other Divisions, and by the citizens, preceded by members of the Augusta Brass Band, by whose music they marched to Rev. Mr. Thurston's Meeting House. The address was delivered by Bro. S. B. Weston of Gardiner, Editor of the Fountain, and was an excellent performance. An anthem and several hymns appropriate to the occasion, were performed by the Augusta Glee Club.

After the exercises at the church were over, the procession, including the ladies, was again formed, which proceeded to a large and commodious pavilion, fitted up in a neat and convenient style, and where an excellent collation was provided by Bro. Gaslin, who, with his lady, is deserving much credit for the supply of the many really good things with which the festive board was crowned. After the dinner several regular toasts were offered, accompanied with music from the Band, and followed with volunteer sentiments from many of the guests. The Glee Club enlivened the festivities by their admirable songs, and they broke up with great harmony, every one well pleased with the enjoyments of the day. We have never attended a celebration where we found so much to approve and so little to condemn.

The Glee Club gave a grand concert in the evening, which was very fully attended.—They never sang better, and although always welcome, they never gave more pleasure and satisfaction to their friends and the good people of Winthrop, than on this occasion. They entered right into the spirit of the occasion, like a band of brothers, and left with many a blessing on their heads.

It gives us pleasure to see the prosperity which attends the Order of the Sons of Temperance. It is founded on the principle of abstaining from all that intoxicates, and of affording material aid in adversity. It was commenced by a few devoted individuals in New York, in 1840, and has since spread throughout the whole length and breadth of the nation, numbering more than *one hundred thousand members.*

THE DEAD SEA.

Professor Lee, the geologist, in an able article furnished by him for the Biblical Repository, remarks that the strongest saline spring in New York State, is the Liverpool well near Syracuse. Of the waters of this spring, the specific gravity, according to Dr. L., is only 1,114, while that of the waters of the celebrated Dead Sea is 1,211. He furthermore asserts that 1000 grains of water from this well, yield 149.34 grains of dry solid matter, "while those of the latter yield 41 per cent, when the residuum is dried with a temperature of 180 Fahrenheit." The following table shows the comparative strength of the waters of the Dead Sea, and the Saline Springs of the United States, rejecting the magnesia and other earthly ingredients:

Dead Sea,	33 gallons give 1 bushel salt.				
At Onondaga,	45	"	"	"	"
Muskingum,	50	"	"	"	"
Illinois,	80	"	"	"	"
Grand River, (Ark.)	80	"	"	"	"
Kenawha, (Va.)	75	"	"	"	"
Zanesville,	95	"	"	"	"
Boon's Lick,	450	"	"	"	"
Shawneetown, (Ill.)	280	"	"	"	"
Jackson, (Ohio)	213	"	"	"	"

It has been asserted, and the assertion is reiterated by Professor L., that the Dead Sea contains no fish or animals of any description; yet Dr. Shaw, the celebrated oriental traveller, informs us that the monks of St. Suba informed him that they had seen fish taken in its waters, and Mons. Chateaubriand states that on hearing a noise on the lake at night, he was told by the people of Bethlehem, of whom he inquired the cause, that, "it proceeded from legions of small fish *which come and leap about on the shore.*"

While at Jerusalem, Pococke was told of a missionary, resident in that vicinity, who had seen fish in the lake. Sutzen, Maundrel, Hazzlegrist, and other travellers, have gleaned shells on the shores.

The tradition that "no bird can fly over its waters," is of a piece with the thousand other legends of a superstitious nature which the credulous circulate concerning the remarkable places and antiquities of the "holy land." Stephens, an intelligent writer and a close observer, says, in his interesting work, that he "saw a flock of gulls quietly reposing on its surface, and that, when roused with a stone, they flew down the lake, skimming its surface, until they had carried themselves out of sight."

Speaking of this sea, Mons. Chateaubriand, a devoted and credulous Catholic, observes:—

"It appears brilliant, but the guilty cities entombed in its bosom appear to have poisoned its waters. Its solitary abysses cannot afford nourishment to any living creature; never did vessel cut its waves; its shores are without birds, without trees, without verdure, and its waters excessively bitter, and so heavy that the most impetuous winds can scarcely ruffle their surface." W.

Theologians. "Mere theologians," remarks Jean Paul, "are the narrowest of all egotists; they make God the free servant of their petty parish, and imagine that eclipses of the sun are sent only to shade and cool them on their way to church." Jean Paul, we opine, was more than half right. If there is a truly despicable character in existence, it is your "mere" theologian, whose only aim is to establish some creed or tenet, without practising the virtues which he professes so loudly to extol. Such are generally the dupes or slaves of prejudice, which is nothing more nor less than belief without examination and comparison of the opposite views upon any question. W.

A Sound Hit. It is said of the imperious but versatile and talented Elizabeth of England, that she once asked a plain spoken nobleman the question—"what is a man thinking of when he thinks of nothing?" "A woman, your Majesty," was the sarcastic reply. "I will not confute you, sir," said the queen, "but although wit sometimes makes a stupid man merry, it always keeps him poor." The sacredness of the royal presence, it was meant doubtless to be understood, should not be demeaned by an uncourtly jest, and that those who had the temerity to speak plainly, were destined never to "*rise.*" W.

Slump'd and Burst. An exchange paper mentions the failure of several flour speculators in New York, in consequence of the decline in price. They helped to get the prices up, and the prices helped to get them down.

HORRID STATE OF THE IRISH.

We copy the following heart-sickening letter from the Boston Traveller, written by its London correspondent, ("A New Englander,") and dated June 3d. It is from a source that can be relied on.

Again I am compelled to write about famine, disease and death in Ireland. The picture that I shall hold up to your view is a frigtful one; far exceeding in its vividness and horror anything that the pen of the romancer has ever produced. But these realities, dreadful as they are, should be known, that some moral lesson may be learned by those persons who are not stricken by famine and disease, and who enjoy all the good things of life without fully appreciating such blessings.

It is acknowledged that the reports from every part of Ireland have recently been more gloomy than those of any single week since the first heart-rending cry of starvation was heard in that land of misery. It is said that death is mowing down the poor in all directions, and the affluent are falling in numbers far above the proportion which they bear to the humbler classes of sufferers. In many cases the poor recover when attacked by fever, while the great majority of the latter class of fever patients die, and among them are numbered the most charitable and active individuals of the country. De Foe's "History of the plague in London" contains no such horrid scene as the following sketch from an eye witness:

"The lives of the clergy and medical men are hourly perilled in the discharge of their onerous duties. The pestilential disease is making giant strides in this and the adjoining barony. Human corpses are commonly passing through this populous town tied on the backs of asses, the heads hanging at one side and the feet at the opposite side of the quadruped, attended not unfrequently by one poor, emaciated individual carrying a spade, who places the dead a little below the surface. Women are often seen covering their dead infants with earth gathered with their own hands. What will become of us when the warm weather sets in, God only knows!"

This frightful record comes from the fertile county of Leitrim, from whence so little complaint of scarcity has been heard.

A new element has been introduced in the progress of fever, which invests the present state of the country with a new and startling character. The fever is said to be *incurable* when it once attacks a person—medicine and nutriment are equally unavailing! This alarming intelligence is founded upon two letters—one written by a chairman of a board of guardians, the other by a distinguished physician. The former says that he is so well accustomed to this form of distress, that he knows it as soon as he sees the pauper. Their swollen legs are the inevitable precursors of death, of which they are themselves wholly unconscious. "When I say to them, prepare for the other world, they appear surprised. In a few days I hear of their death." The physician states that the disease at first is diarrhœa: the appetite is good, with a burning thirst. The next stage is dropsy in the face and feet; the eyes become bright and glassy; the lips and cheeks are bloodless. The intellect remains clear, but all energy is gone. The third stage is the hospital or hovel; and the last—*death!* This physician further states that once the patient becomes bloated and sallow—and he rarely applies for advice or aid till he is so —and his doom is sealed. Medicine and nutriment palliate—they may for a time suspend the fever, but at last, with terrible certainty—the patient dies!

Ill fated Skibbereen sends the following gloomy report: "Dire want and dreadful suffering still prevail. The ravages of famine are scarcely checked, and the progress of disease is no less mortal than before. The bodies of the dead are left to be disposed of by packs of *famished dogs*—purposely, perhaps, lest the human carrion may breed pestilence still more dangerous and extensive, during the sultriness of summer. So seared are the feelings of all classes—so impracticable a task is the burial of the dead deemed—that dogs are not molested on account of rendering the same service as vultures in the East. They prowl about through the ruined and almost deserted villages, preying on bodies too putrid, or too numerous for removal.—But the living are not safe from their attacks. Solitary survivors have, fearful to relate, been seized, and while their limbs quivered with life, and *have been devoured by the ravenous and ferocious animals!*"

The Cork journals contain some extraordinary disclosures respecting the mismanagement of the Bantry workhouse. It appears that inside and outside the dead-house, it has been the custom to pile coffins unburied, and leave them in that condition for several weeks; that into these coffins, so many as three and four corpses have been thrust; but, more shocking still, corpses utterly naked have frequently been thrown, for days together, on the floor of the dead-house attached to the workhouse, until the rats had partially devoured them and putridity set in!

"Popularity of the Age." Under this caption, the "*tallest* man of *The* (Augusta) *Age*," (not Augustan age,) has a very clever or playful article. We copy a paragraph. It will be noticed that he "no say '*dark age*' nary once."

We can hardly open an exchange paper, especially if it has been brushing up a little, or desires to commend itself to the favor of its readers, but what we find the modest assurance to its patrons that it "intends to reflect the spirit of *The Age!*" or that it "will copy *The Age!*" or "keep up with *The Age!*" or do some other smart or funny or useful thing worthy of "The Age!" In fact if any thing good or great is to be done by printers or publishers, "*The Age*" is the standard by which it is to be measured. A man might as well expect to live without breathing as to think of publishing a newspaper in these days, without *promising* his readers to "keep up with the *improvements* of *The Age.*"

In Town—*New Potatoes.* We received this morning from that excellent horticulturist, Mr. Bencroft, a fine lot of new potatoes, of a size large enough for the table. We venture to say that *this time* has never been beat on the Penobscot,—new potatoes on the 18th of June. [Bangor Mercury.

And so, too, we are "in town with a pocket full of *potatoes*"—new potatoes—which were handed us, last week, by Dr. Briggs of this town, one of the best gardeners on the Kennebec.

Writing, Book-Keeping and Landscape Drawing. Mr. Keene of Boston, has opened a room at No. 2 1-2, Merchants' Row, Water-st., over Mr. Badger's store, for giving instruction in writing, book-keeping and landscape drawing. Mr. Keene comes among us highly recommended as a teacher, and as a man of unexceptionable character. We trust he will find good encouragement. Room open day and evening.

Printing Establishment for Sale. Owing to the ill health of the proprietor of the Norway Advertiser, the establishment is offered for sale. The editor states that the paper has a good circulation, a liberal advertising patronage, and that a large amount of job work is done in connection with the office. Address Edwin Plummer, Norway, Me.

Real Corn Time. Since the rain of last week, we have had summer in all its glory. The way Old Sol pours out the caloric, "is a caution." He seems determined to make up for lost time. Vegetation goes ahead on the high pressure principle. Indian corn stretches right out in the heat, and looks the sun in the eye, and laughs like a *nigger*.

THE GUERILLA.

The following article, from the pen of J. G. Whittier, and published in the Washington National Era, with which journal he is connected, will be found interesting to many at this time.

The terrible struggle in the beginning of the present century, in the peninsula of Spain, developed a new system of warfare, known as the Guerilla—literally, *little war.* Multitudes of peasants, inflamed with patriotic zeal and religious fanaticism, retreating to the mountains, formed themselves into small bands, made choice of leaders, and carried on a fierce partisan warfare against the French invaders, without pay, or uniform, or responsibility even. These bands, which were generally very small, hung on the outskirts of the enemy, picking off single soldiers and feeble detachments, intercepting couriers, and cutting off the communications of the different divisions of the French army. Juan Martin Diaz, surnamed *El Empecinado*, commenced this system of warfare in the vicinity of Madrid, in 1808, after the capture of Saragossa, and when, by the entire defeat of its regular armies, Spain seemed lost beyond recovery. Romana, Mina, Porlier, and Marquesito, were distinguished as Guerilla leaders.—"Vengence or death!" was the Guerilla motto. During their five years' contest with the French, horrible massacres of prisoners, and non-combatant officers of the Government of Joseph Bonaparte, took place; and at Oporto and Coimbra the French sick and wounded were murdered in the hospitals. Every dilapidated castle and monastery, mountain defile, dry bed or rivulet, or woody sierra, swarmed with the wild and ferocious peasant soldiers. All over Spain, from Cadiz to Pampeluna, from Granada to Salamanca, blood was shed daily, and without mercy. Small garrisons, left in charge of captured villages, were often assassinated by the inhabitants among whom they were quartered. The fanaticism of revenge seized upon all classes; young and beautiful Spanish women invited the gay and pleasure-loving French officers to their dwellings, and treated them with poisoned wines, or stabbed them in their chambers—acting over the terrible scene of Judith in the tent of Holofernes.

Still later, in 1823, in the struggle between the French, in alliance with the ultra-royalists and monks, and the constitutionalists, a Guerilla war was carried on by both parties. The celebrated Mina, and the devoted patriot Riego, maintained in this way a long contest with a force overwhelmingly superior, in the province of Catalonia.

We are reminded in this connection of a stirring American lyric, "The Guerilla," written at this period by Brainard. It will bear a republication at the present time, when the papers are filled with rumors of the general adoption of the Guerilla system by the Mexicans:

Though friends be false and leaders fall,
And rulers quake with fear;
Though tamed the shepherd in the vale,
And slain the mountaineer;
Though Spanish beauty fill their arms,
And Spanish gold their purse,
Sterner than wealth's or war's alarms
Is the wild Guerilla's curse!

No trumpets range us to the fight;
No signal sound of drum
Tells to the foe that in their might
The hostile squadrons come.
No sunbeam glitters on our spears,
No warlike tramp of steeds
Gives warning—for the first that hears
Shall be the first that bleeds.

The night-wind calls us from our bed,
At dew-fall forms our line,
And darkness gives the signal dread,
That makes our ranks combine:
Or should some straggling moonbeam lie
On copse or lurking hedge,
'Twould flash but from a Spaniard's eye,
Or from a dagger's edge.

'Tis clear in the sweet vale below,
And misty on the hill:
The skies shine mildly on the foe,
But lower upon us still.
This gathering storm will quickly burst,
And spread its terrors far;
And at its front we'll be the first,
And with it go to war.

Guerilla fighting is no new thing to the older class of the Mexican rancheros. Many of them can tell tales of the old war for Mexican independence, when, under Hidalgo, Morelos, Guerrero, and Victoria, they baffled the trained and disciplined hosts of the Viceroy of Spain; and unless a merciful Providence interposes to arrest the war we are now waging with a semi-barbarian people, the horrible scenes of Asturia and Catalonia, in the Peninsular war, will unquestionably be re-enacted in Mexico. The late cold-blooded assassination of twenty-five unarmed and peaceable Mexican heads of families, at the hacienda of Guadaloupe, has induced the wily and unscrupulous partisan, Canales, to declare the whole population of the Rio Grande valley under martial law, and to summon all capable of bearing arms to strike at once for vengeance. His proclamation is addressed to men smarting under wrongs, outrages, and humiliations, ignorant, half-civilized, and in whose view human life has little sanctity. Should they obey it, retaliation will of course follow; volunteers from the Mississippi valley and Texas —men of wild and unsettled lives, familiar with brawls and duels and street fights, restrained by no moral or religious considerations—would rush into the ghastly butcher-work, opposing bowie-knives and revolving pistols to the Mexican lasso and dagger.

"Teaching the young idea how to shoot." A correspondent of the Boston Bee, writing from Waterborough, in this State, under date of June 21, gives the following account of a visit to the "village school." It may be that all he says is true; or it may be that a portion of what he writes would properly come under the head of "*fancy articles.*" If it won't make any particular difference to the writer, we, for one, must beg to be excused from swallowing the "yarn."

Amid the dearth of "excitement"—the lack of interesting events—which generally prevails in a back-woods town, I thought it would not be uninteresting to step into the school-house and see how they "teach the young idea how to shoot," down east. It is good for me that I made this short visit, for it was a funny place, very. Some fifty or sixty little "boys and gals" were perched on benches, some sitting, some standing, others stretched out upon their backs kicking up their heels; others yet with eyes fixed on their books; and others still in divers fixes, positions and attitudes; one balancing himself on one foot, with a brick tied to the other, tears rolling down his cheeks, and sentenced thus to stand until he could have an "idea to shoot" off his lesson. Another had been caught at a little bit of roguery, and was doomed to stand on one foot, stoop forward and place one finger on a crack in the floor; and this poor little fellow was unfortunate, for while in this "pretty position" an ant crawled up the leg of his trowsers, and made an attempt to take a meal from the urchin's thigh. When the little ant set his teeth into the flesh of the youngster there was music and dancing for a short time—the boy screamed, and hopped about like a scalded cat, and while in his Ellsler movements he "crossed over" "forward and back," against "the school-marm," who was sitting in her chair, and, believe me, turned her over on the floor! Sad, abashing sight!—I blushed, (*it's a Mary Ann fact,*) laughed,—yet I pitied "the school-marm"—and left the house as soon as order could be restored. Notwithstanding, all this, I am informed that the progress of "the young idea" is onward and upward in this school, and that many of the little "sportsmen" bid fair to make a "palpable hit" in time to come.

Expressive. William Penn was a good man and the author of many wise sayings. He asserted that passion might not improperly be called the *mob* of the man which commits a riot upon the reason.

Officers of Franklin Division, S. of T., Augusta.—H. Sewall, W. P.—J. L. Heath, W. A.—Geo. Starrett, R. S.—Rev. J. Young, A. R. S.—J. A. Richards, F. S.—S. Gill, T.—Sidney Arnold, C.—G. W. Delano, A. C.—J. Tibbetts, I. S.—M. C. Hatch, O. S.

ORDER OF ARRANGEMENTS

For the Reception of the President of the United States.

The joint Committee of Arrangements will meet the President at his lodgings, at the dwelling of Hon. R. Williams, on Saturday the 3d day of July, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., and proceed to the west end of Kennebec Bridge where a procession will be formed, under the direction of the Marshal of the day and his aids.

The route will be through Water Street to Green Street, through Green, Sewall, Winthrop, Pleasant and Bridge Streets, to State Street, thence through State Street to the Capitol.

Marshal of the day, Gen. A. Redington. Aids, Col's. Francis Davis, D. C. Weston, Thomas Lambard, and W. J. Kilburn.

The procession will be formed in the following order:

Military Escort.
Marshal of the day.
The President of the United States accompanied by the chairmen of committees of arrangements, in a barouche.
Joint committee of arrangements, in carriages.
The suit of the President, in carriages.
Governor and suit, with the Executive Council, in carriages.
Ex-Governors of the State, in carriages.
Heads of State Departments, in carriages.
Members and Ex-Members of Congress, in carriages.
President, Members and Officers of the Senate.
Speaker, Members and Officers of the House of Representatives.
Judges of the Supreme and District Courts.
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution.
Officers of the Army and Navy.
Different Civic Societies.
Citizens and Strangers.

When the procession shall arrive at the Capitol a national salute will be fired from Capitol Hill.

On arriving at the State grounds the President will be conducted by the committees of arrangement to a stage in front of the capitol where he will be addressed by the Governor of the State, after which the President will repair to the rotunda of the State House, where the members of the Legislature and citizens generally will be introduced to him.

The balcony of the second story of the Capitol will be reserved for the ladies.

The passageway to the Capitol will be reserved for members of the Legislature.

The area on the right of the stage will be reserved for the various civic societies,—that on the left will be occupied by the citizens.

The President and his suit will then be escorted to the Augusta House where they will dine. [Age.

A good sentiment. Our elevation is but the result and recompense of persevering industry, and a steady adherence to the path of rectitude and justice. We are all more or less the creatures of circumstances; and fortunes made by honorable pursuits are ever the most durable.

New Military Station. A new military post is to be established at the junction of the Platte with the Oregon river. This will protect emigrants and preserve peace among the Indians.

Cold water for oil. A Mr. Briggs has patented a mode of using cold water on gudgeons, instead of oil. It is in successful use on the New Jersey railroad, and is a great saving of expense.

Underbidding. The German ship-carpenters who have recently come over, offer to work for fifty cents per day, while our countrymen ask two dollars. They'll soon learn to "strike for higher wages."

Getting wiser. The Postmaster General has ordered his deputies to forward, without being *pre-paid*, all newspapers coming direct from the office of publication.

Don't Flounce. One of the "fashion journals" states that flounces are no longer worn in Paris.

Cape of Good Hope Cotton. Experiments in the growing of cotton on the Cape of Good Hope, at a place called Notal, have been very successful.

Crops in Europe. The reports from England and Ireland of the prospect of crops are very good; also those on the continent.

Within the past few weeks the Down-Easters have been astonished by an exhibition of fire-works upon their hills. From the Schoodic hills, from the Cherryfield hills, from Bluehill and from some hills in the vicinity of this town, perhaps as far west as Montville, these signal or telegraphic lights have been observed. The individual stationed at Bluehill, hails from New York, and that is all the inquisitiveness of the Bluehilites can discover. He prepares his fire-works at the public house, and of two colors; one of which is blood-red, the other a light color. At night he goes upon the topmost summit of Bluehill mountain, and watches for a signal from the east, when he throws up two lights, and is answered by lights somewhere in this vicinity. The gentleman says the signal has been seen for a distance of seventy miles. May the mystery not be connected with the flour speculation? When the Atlantic steamers arrive at Halifax, these signals may communicate the rise or fall of breadstuff and the intelligence be thus carried to the magnetic telegraph, and then sent forward to the speculators. [Belfast Journal.

Kidnappers Arrested. The Mayor of this city had before him on Thursday evening last, Eben Preble, Captain; George H. Green, mate; and Sewall Gove, Cook—all belonging to schooner Atlantic, from Richmond, bound to Bath, (Me.) and put into this port to finish loading.

The facts disclosed in the investigation were, we learn, that the Atlantic was towed down to City Point by the steamer Ben. Shepherd, Capt. Skinner. That on her arrival at the Point, the Captain having occasion to go into the forecastle, greatly to his surprise discovered two negro men stowed away therein —this fact he at once communicated to Capt. Skinner, who promised him that if he would confine them until the morning he would carry them back in the steamer, which he accordingly did.

That Capt. Skinner having returned to Richmond, and the schooner having proceeded on to and arrived at Norfolk, Mr. Charles Hill, the agent of the owners of the slaves, came on to Norfolk and lodged a complaint with the Mayor against the parties, who, being arrested as before stated, the above facts were disclosed, together with the important one that Gove, the cook, who is a white youth of 18 or 19 years of age, was privy to and connived with the negroes to make their escape. The Mayor, very properly, on the complaint of Mr. Hill, ordered the parties to Richmond, and they will accordingly leave this morning in charge of the Sheriff.

The negroes were the property of Mr. Wm. L. Garry, and W. W. Harris. [Norfolk Beacon, 19th.

Capt. Preble has been discharged by the Mayor of Richmond. The cook and one of the crew were remanded for further trial before an open court.

Great Milch Cow. Hon. H. Ingalls of Mercer—a perfectly responsible gentleman—tells us that he has a cow ten years old which has a bag that girts four feet eight inches, and hangs down so low that a common pail cannot stand under it. She gives 52 lbs. or 26 quarts of milk per day, which yields cream enough to make 17 1-2 lbs. of butter per week. Such a cow is worth a hundred dollars, and would bring it in the great markets of New York or Massachusetts. [Banner.

Croup. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, says that molasses and saleratus is a remedy for the croup. For a child of five years, a half teaspoon of saleratus stirred in a tablespoonful of molasses, should be given. The quantity can be increased or diminished according to the age of the child.

GLORIOUS VICTORY!!

City of Cork taken.—*General Starvation and the Flour of his Army completely routed.* The United States ship of war Jamestown, Capt. Forbes, which left Boston on the 28th March, loaded with provisions, arrived at Cork on the 12th April, after a splendid passage of only fifteen days. As soon as the gallant ship was seen coming up the cove, the "Bells of Shannon," and of the cathedral were rung, and the greatest excitement prevailed among the citizens. At 8 o'clock, Dr. Parks, surgeon of the ship, landed with despatches for the Lord Lieutenant, which were forwarded to that distinguished personage immediately. Rear Admiral, Sir H. Pigott, quickly despatched a messenger to the ship to ascertain when hostilities would commence. The messenger had scarcely entered the cabin when he was struck in the mouth by a huge buttered pancake, which came nigh dislocating his jaws. As soon as he recovered himself, and wiped the grease from his lips, he was informed that the ship would fire upon the town as soon as the ship's tackle could be brought to bear upon the wharves and ware houses. When Sir H. Pigott was informed of the intention of Capt. Forbes, he issued immediate orders to Gen. Starvation to bring his troops together and form in columns upon the quays fronting the enemy.

The gallant Captain Forbes, seeing that no time was to be lost, quickly beat his men to arms, and soon had his ship moored at one of the principal wharves, when the signal was given and the fore and main hatches were unclosed, and double tackling rigged in the twinkling of an eye. The cannonading now commenced in good earnest, and dreadful indeed was the (s) *laughter*. Barrel after barrel, some of them 200 pounders, was now discharged upon the Irish troops in quick succession, which set them capering and prancing, in such a manner as was truly shocking to behold. At the first discharge seventy men were struck directly in the centre of their bread baskets, and forty-two others had their appetites carried clean away, so accurate and infallible was the aim of Captain Forbes's crew. As the battle progressed the air seemed thick with the smoke of the Jamestown's guns, "looking," says an eye-witness, "for all the world as though there was a shower of fine wheat flour." A bombshell of corn meal lodged in an old house on the quay, in which were huddled a large number of men, women and children, and burst into a thousand fragments, scattering dough-nuts, johnny cakes and stomach pills in every direction, not a soul in the house escaping, but every one receiving a complete belly-full. Still the battle raged, and still the Irish troops received the heavy fire from the batteries of the Jamestown, with a heroism and devotion which none but such soldiers could stand under and live. Cork was never in such an uproar before.—Her citizens were seen running about armed with pots, kettles and pans, and anon running into the thickest of the fight, from which they would emerge after a prolonged and heroic struggle, covered with glory and corn meal. Father Mathew, who was seen rallying the troops and cheering them on, was descried by Capt. Forbes, who immediately despatched a plate of buckwheats at the old gentleman, which struck him just between the nose and chin, leaving a hole in his face big enough to put a breakfast in.

Sir H. Pigott himself was hit by a Yankee johnny cake, which completely destroyed his appetite, besides carrying away three of his vest buttons. In vain did General Starvation endeavor to hold his ground. Every discharge from the gallant ship caused him to quail, until at last, overcome and overpowered by the incessant showers of corn, barley, beans, bread, and salt pork, he turned to run, when a howitzer of smoked hams came rolling from the ship, and hitting him behind knocked him clear into the last end of the next century. This of course decided the battle, and Gen. Famine, Colonel Gaunt, Major Hunger, Captain Gripes, Corporal Thin, and all their starving followers took to their heels and fled from the city, leaving our troops complete masters of the field.

Thus have Corn and Wheat acheived another great victory, and crowned the brows of our brave soldiers with never fading laurels. May the good time soon come when all Ireland will be overrun by such troops as Capt. Forbes carried out.

[New England Washingtonian.

Visit of the President. Agreeable to previous notice, a meeting of the citizens of Gardiner and Pittson, was held at the Town Hall, in Gardiner, on Saturday, June 26, inst. Gen. George W. Bachelder, was chosen President, and Henry Smith, Secretary.

It having been stated that the President of the united States, contemplates visiting Augusta, it was voted unanimously that a committee be chosen to make the necessary arrangements and tender to him the hospitalities of the towns of Gardiner and Pittston.

The following persons were elected as that committee:—Hon. George Evans, Gen. George W. Bachelder, Hon. Edward Swan, Peter Grant, Esq., R. H. Gardiner, Jr., Esq., William Dickey, Esq., Major Henry Smith, John Jewett, Esq., Hiram Stevens, Esq., S. W. Bates, Esq.

George W. Bachelder, President.
H. Smith, Secretary.
June 28, 1847.

The Crops. We have looked over nearly two hundred exchange papers within a day or two, received from every State in the Union, for the express purpose of ascertaining how the wheat crop promised in the various localities, and we feel ourselves severely puzzled. One paper represents the crops as unusually promising, and another as being total failures. The general idea, however, which the conflicting statements has produced in our mind is, that in Northern Ohio and Wisconsin and Illinois, the wheat planted last fall, has in a considerable degree, been injured by the frost, having been what is called winter killed, and in other parts, the crops have been injured by the fly. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the testimony preponderates in support of the crop. The wheat sown this Spring bids fair to produce abundantly. There has been a great deal more planted this year than ever before, and we believe that from this source, an increase will be obtained, which will more than counterbalance the loss sustained by the ravages of the fly or the frosts of winter. The corn crop promises to be abundant every where, and an immense quantity of it has been planted. On the whole, after a careful comparison of the evidence for and against, we have no fear as to the sufficiency of the crops of grain, which will be produced the present season. [Boston Atlas.

Great Robbery in New York.—The New York Herald of Wednesday afternoon gives the following account of the successful robbing of a jewelry shop in that city.

"The workshop of Howland & Suffin, manufacturing jewellers, No. 43 Ann street, was burglariously entered last night by some expert "kracksmen," and the locks of the two iron safes picked, stealing therefrom $2000 worth of gold finger rings, $200 worth of unfinished finger rings; 23 feet of gold braclet chain, 12 three stone cameo braclets, about $200 worth of engraved gold clasps and ear rings, some unfinished; $60 worth of cameo breast pins, some of the settings not finished; between $400 and $500 worth of gold bars, scraps &c, ready for working. The rascals left behind them three boxes containing $5000 worth of gold ear rings, cameo breast pins, &c. These boxes they broke open, and in all probability they must have been disturbed, or they would, beyond a doubt, have carried them off. As far as ascertained at present, the loss is estimated at between $4000 and 5000. Mr. Howland was about leaving for Boston, and the three boxes, together with the other jewelry, were packed in order to take with him."

Hogs in the United States. The Genesee Farmer says that "the *hog crop* in the United States, this past year, is three times the worth of the cotton crop. The "standing army" of swine, consumes annually two hundred millions of bushels of corn."

LEGISLATIVE COMPEND.

Tuesday, June 22.

Senate. Bill legalizing assessments of taxes heretofore made where the Selectmen have not been sworn as assessors, was taken up.

After some remarks by Messrs Baker, Knowlton and Haines, the bill was refused a passage—yeas 11, nays 13.

Bill to set off Hiram A. Balch from Trescott to Lubec came up for engrossment.

The bill was debated nearly all the forenoon, and was then passed to be engrossed; yeas 15, nays 7.

Passed finally—Resolve for the repair of the Military road.

Petitions and remonstrances were presented—bills passed to be engrossed, &c.

House. Resolve authorizing a botanical survey of the State, was taken up. It appropriates $600; specimens to be preserved and deposited with the State.

After some remarks by Messrs. Chadwick, Hamlin, Lamson, Otis, Stark, Severance and Parker, the resolve passed to be engrossed.

Finally passed—Bills additional respecting South Berwick Bank—to incorporate Lincoln Bank—further regulating the State Library.

Numerous petitions and remonstrances were presented and referred.

Wednesday, June 23.

Senate. The plurality bill was taken up, according to assignment.

After remarks by Messrs. Haines, Flint, Perry and Baker, Mr. Leach moved to suspend the rule so as to permit a reconsideration of the vote adopting the amendment which made the bill applicable to Representatives to Congress, Registers of Deeds, and State and County officers. He wished to strike out State and County officers.

The motion to suspend prevailed, 17 to 6.

Mr. Leach then moved to reconsider the vote above alluded to, in order to omit State and County officers, and the motion prevailed, 15 to 11.

He then moved to amend in such a manner as to leave the bill applying to Representatives of Congress and Registers of Deeds only.

Mr. Haines moved to amend the amendment by adding "State and County officers."

The chair ruled this proposition out of order, as it would restore the bill to its original shape before the reconsideration of the amendment of Monday.

Mr. Leach's amendment was then adopted, 16 to 10.

Mr. Baker moved to strike out Register of Deeds. The motion was ruled out of order.

The bill then passed to be engrossed, 14 to 12.

Finally passed—Bill to incorporate Lincoln Bank—additional to incorporate South Berwick Bank—further regulating State Library—resolve for the repair of the Baring and Houlton road.

House. Resolve in favor of Spencer G. Bowles, was reported with a written statement of facts, read once and tomorrow assigned. It gives a pension of $4 a month, for five years, for military injury.

Numerous petitions and remonstrances were presented and referred—bills read and assigned, passed to be engrossed, &c.

Thursday, June 24.

Senate. Resolve appropriating $600 in aid of a botanical survey of the State, came up for engrossment.

After some remarks by Messrs. Holden and Baker, Mr. Gore moved an amendment, requiring a report to the Legislature of the result of the survey, with a list and description of the plants &c. discovered.

Further remarks were made by Messrs. Baker, Holden and Gore, when the amendment was rejected, 6 to 14.

Mr. Holden moved to strike out $600 and insert $800, as the sum appropriated. Negatived.

After some further remarks, the resolve was passed to be engrossed, 19 to 6.

The bill for a re-organization of the Militia, and the establishment of an active volunteer corps, was taken up, and after some debate, was again laid on the table.

Finally passed—Bill to incorporate the town of Perkins.

Numerous bills and resolves were passed to be engrossed—others read once.

House. Resolve in favor of Wm. A. Herrick was reported with a written statement of facts, which was read, and passed to be engrossed.

Mr. Hamlin of Bangor called up the resolve in favor of B. D. Eastman and Geo. A. Nourse, the question pending on reconsidering the vote reducing the number of lots granted to 5, in concurrence.

The House non-concurred the Senate, and passed the bill to be engrossed, granting the lots.

Finally passed—Bill to increase the capital stock of Lime Rock Bank.

Petitions and remonstrances were presented, and bills and resolves read and assigned.

Friday, June 25.

Senate. A communication was received from the Governor, transmitting a letter from President Polk, who accepts the invitation of the government of Maine to visit the capital, and will do so if nothing occurs to suspend his tour, which commenced on the 22d inst. The communication was ordered to be entered on the journal.

Resolve giving Benj. D. Eastman and George A. Nourse certain lots of land came from the House, that branch having non-concurred in striking out ten and inserting five lots.

Mr. Bellamy moved to insist.

Mr. Perry spoke in favor of giving these settlers the ten lots. Mr. Thomas also advocated the same side, and Mr. Flint opposed.

The Senate then voted to insist upon its amendment striking out ten and inserting five—14 to 9.

Upon the presentation of a petition of Jas. O'Donnell et als for incorporation of the Maine Mineralogical Association, a long discussion ensued in relation to the 40 days rule.

Mr. Baker contended that the rule, from its language, and also from the known intention of its mover, was meant only to apply to petitions—not to orders, bills and resolves coming from members. And he offered a resolve to that effect, explanatory and "in aid" of the rule.

Considerable debate followed, during which Messrs. Baker, Knowlton and Perry favored the resolve, and Messrs. Ayer, Bellamy and Haines opposed it; after which it was withdrawn, and the petition laid on the table.

Finally passed—Bill to increase the capital stock of Lime Rock Bank.

Petitions and remonstrances were presented—bills and resolves read once, do. passed to be engrossed.

House. A message was received from the Governor, informing the House that in consequence of the resignation of Maj. Gen. J. Merrill, a vacancy exists in the office of Major General of the 3d Division of Militia.

Petition of Samuel Moody et als, for charter for a Railroad from Bath to Lewiston Falls, was presented and laid on the table.

Numerous petitions and remonstrances were referred, and several bills passed to be engrossed.

Saturday, June 26.

Senate. Mr. Leach offered an order, calling for a report from the select committee on the petition of David Jordan, asking for a grant of land in consequence of the sudden and alarming increase of his children.

Mr. Mayall said the subject was one of immense importance, and might involve extensive inquiries on the prospective increase of our population. He did not therefore, as a member of that committee, feel prepared to state precisely the progress made. A report, however, might be expected as soon as so voluminous a document as would be necessary could be prepared.

After some further facetious remarks from Dr. Gore and other Senators, the order was withdrawn.

Several remonstrances were presented—bills and resolves read and assigned, do. passed to be engrossed.

House. Mr. Chadwick of Portland introduced an order, directing the Secretary of State to transmit to the House the amount of expenditures made under the resolve of last year, appropriating $20,000 for the raising and equipment of volunteers, and which was referred to by Gov. Anderson in a communication made at the commencement of the session. Mr. C. made some explanation, and the order was passed.

Bill to set off Hiram A. Balch from Trescott to Lubec was taken up, and Mr. Foster of Pembroke replied at length to the objections which had been made to its passage.

On motion of Mr. Hamlin of Hampden, the bill was amended so as to embrace in the portion set off a certain bridge.

The bill was passed to be engrossed, 68 to 55.

Monday, June 28.

Senate. Bill amending the Revised Statutes so as to prevent theatrical performances without license, was passed to be engrossed. Subsequently Mr. Gore moved to reconsider the vote; but after some remarks from Messrs. Gore, Holden, Haines and Bellamy, the motion was withdrawn, to be renewed to-morrow.

Mr Gore asked to be excused from further service on the select committee on David Jordan's petition for a grant of land in consideration of the numerous children presented by him to his country. Mr. G. said he found it impossible to act harmoniously with the other members of the committee, because all except himself were gentlemen enjoying a state of "single blessedness," and were disposed (by reason of their ignorance in such matters, he presumed,) to set a higher value upon the services of Mr. Jordan than he could conscientiously do.

Mr. Gore was excused, and Mr. Thompson appointed in his place.

Several bills read once, and petitions referred.

House. Mr. Flanders of Monroe introduced an order for the incorporation of an Agricultural Society in Waldo county. Laid on the table.

Mr. Purrinton of Falmouth introduced an order relative to taxing the property of married women. Laid on the table.

Mr. Hamlin of Hampden called up the bill relative to the election of officers by plurality. The bill was amended by the Senate, so as to apply only to members of Congress and Registers of Deeds.

After some remarks by Messrs. Hamlin, Otis, Goodenow, Thomas and Stark, the House non-concurred the amendment of the Senate without a count.

Finally passed—Bills to incorporate Cascade Mill Co.—Ossipee Manufacturing Co.—Worumbo Manufacturing Co.—Maine Manufacturing Co.—Portland and Cape Elizabeth Ferry Co.—additional respecting Sebago and Long Pond Steam Navigation Co.—supplementary respecting roads in Portland between high and low water mark—to increase the salary of the Washington County Judge of Probate—resolve authorizing botanical survey of the State—to set off H. A. Balch from Trescott to Lubec.

Numerous bills and resolves read and assigned, do. passed to be engrossed.

THE WAR NEWS.

FROM THE BRAZOS.

By the ship Republic, we have advices from the Brazos to the 10th inst. The Republic brought over Col. Doniphan and seven companies of his regiment.

This regiment will be paid off and mustered out of service immediately. We learn that the men are generally in fine health.

We annex a brief account of the action of El Poso, fought by the advance of this regiment with the Indians on the 13th ult. It has been furnished us by an officer of the regiment and may be relied upon.

While Col. Doniphan's column was on its march from Chihuahua to Saltillo, a small advance party, under Capt. Reid, of about 30 rank and file, arrived at El Poso (25 miles above Parras) very early on the morning of the 13th of May.

About 9 A. M., a party of Indians were seen emerging from a gap of the mountains, distant about five miles, and making direct for the rancho. Our troops went out at full gallop nearly half a mile to meet them.—When within thirty or forty steps of each other, the Indians discharged a few arrows, when the Americans fired their entire volley at them.

Immediately the Indians raised the yell and rushed in on them, discharging their arrows with astonishing rapidity. Our men were forced to retreat about one hundred yards to load, when they in their turn charged the enemy and forced them to retreat.

Thus alternately did they charge, keeping up the contest for two hours with much spirit, our troops gaining inch by inch of the ground by dint of hard fighting, while the Indians held it with much tenacity, and yielding it only with their lives.

The Indians numbered between fifty and sixty, and their superior horsemanship gave them much advantage, notwithstanding which they were forced to fall back before the noble daring of Capt. Reid and his little band.

Capt. Reid, who was ably assisted by Lts. Gordon, Sproule and Winston, was the only American wounded. He had the satisfaction of driving the Indians entirely off the ground, carrying with them all their wounded, and some dead, yet leaving fifteen on the field.

Nine Mexican prisoners were taken from them and restored to liberty, and about 1,000 head of horses and mules, which, as far as practicable, were returned to the Mexicans, from whom they had been taken.

Capt. Reid had the gratification of receiving an official document from the citizens of Parras, through the prefect of the city, expressive of their admiration and gratitude for his noble conduct, and sympathy for his wounds. [N. O. Picayune, 16th ult.

IMPORTANT FROM VERA CRUZ.

The U. S. steamer Massachusetts, Capt. Wood, which arrived at New Orleans on the 16th, brought dates from Vera Cruz to the 11th inst. An overland express to the New York papers furnishes the following:—

The Massachusetts brings over 155 sick and wounded soldiers, under charge of Dr. Tudor.

The vomito is represented as on the increase at Vera Cruz. We regret extremely to say that Paymaster Bosworth, who sailed from New Orleans on the 18th ult., sickened and died in Vera Cruz of the vomito. His remains were brought back in the Massachusetts in charge of his brother.

The most important intelligence brought by this arrival relates to an attack upon a large train by the Mexican guerillas, which was partially successful. By the Fanny we learned that a train was to leave Vera Cruz on the morning of the 5th inst. for Puebla, under charge of Lieut. Col. McIntosh. The train had in charge $225,000 in specie, of which sum $100,000 belonged to the Paymaster's Department, the remainder to the Quartermaster.

125 wagons and 600 pack mules were in the train, which was escorted by 800 troops.—The train left Vera Cruz on the night of the 4th inst., and on Sunday, the 6th, after advancing about 25 miles, it was attacked by a large party of guerillas. The place was well selected for the purpose by the Mexicans, being represented as a defile broad enough for a single wagon only. It is said, too, that slight works had been thrown up by the Mexicans to obstruct our advance.

The attack was made upon each extremity of the train and upon the centre at the same time, the principal point, however, being the wagons, which were supposed to contain the specie. Two hundred mules, loaded with subsistence, were taken, and thirty of our men killed.

The American Eagle of the 9th says—"Our loss is variously estimated at from four to twenty, but private accounts, from responsible sources, give the loss at thirty men."

The check was so severe that Col. McIntosh determined not to hazard an advance without reinforcement. Our troops accordingly intrenched themselves behind their wagons, and despatches were sent off to Gen. Cadwallader, at Vera Cruz. The General left on Monday evening, the 7th inst. with a large force of about 500 men and four howitzers.

Private accounts say further, that on the 10th a part of the Voltiguers also left with four howitzers to join the train.

The Eagle represents that our troops received the attack with the utmost coolness, and that the enemy, being repulsed, fell back towards the *Puenta Nacional*, which, some suppose, they may attempt to defend. No later news from the train had been received the morning of the 11th—the day the Massachusetts left.

Nothing later had been received from the army of Gen. Scott. The reason is obvious. For the present at least, the communication has been entirely cut off. We do not regard this as at all alarming, for General Cadwallader will, no doubt, open a passage to Jalapa at once; but it indicates the necessity for a cavalry force upon the line, to clear away the brigands which infest it, and who are mustered in greater force than had been anticipated, to attack a train guarded by 800 troops.

But the audacity of the guerillas does not stop here. They are entering Vera Cruz and stealing. For several nights alarms had been created in that city by their predatory attempts. Private letters say that sixty horses were stolen from one pen in the immediate vicinity of the town.

LATER FROM VERA CRUZ!

Additional Particulars of the Late Attack on Col. McIntosh's Train.—Slender Garrison at Vera Cruz!

We are again indebted to our "pony express," says the New York Tribune, for copies of New Orleans papers, in six days from that city. From the New Orleans Commercial Times, of the 10th inst., we extract the following:

The United States steamer Mary Kingsland, Capt. Davis, arrived at New Orleans on the 17th inst. from Vera Cruz the 9th, and from Brazos the 13th inst. She brings us more details of the most important event that has lately happened in that part of Mexico, viz., the attack on Col. McIntosh's train.

ATTACK ON THE TRAIN.—We learn that the whole of the immense train, under the command of Col. McIntosh and 800 men, proceeding onward to the headquarters of General Scott, were attacked at a point just fifteen miles beyond Santa Fe, in a village eight miles from Vera Cruz. The moment the attack was made on the head of the train, the dragoons charged on the enemy and dispersed them. After the lapse of a very short time, the Mexicans again made their appearance in seemingly overwhelming numbers, at least 1700 or 1800 strong, and opened a fire on several points at once; here a considerable number of pack mules fell into the hands of the foe, from the extended line which had to be kept up on the march, owing to the narrow defiles through which the line was passing.

Colonel McIntosh, after a rather severe contest, beating off the assailants, and then fortifying himself behind his wagons, deeming it imprudent to continue on without a reinforcement, particularly requiring artillery.—An express reached the city on Monday, the 7th instant, in the evening, and on Tuesday morning, Gen. Cadwallader marched to his relief, with a section detailed from the howitzer battery, ten guns, attached to the voltigeur regiment, under Lieuts. Blakely and Cochrane; four companies 11th regiment, under Col. Ramsay; one company of the 9th and one of the 7th infantry, and company K, of 3d dragoons. Twenty wagons accompanied.

The Mexicans are said to be posted in considerable strength in the vicinity of the National Bridge (Puente Nacional,) close to which the train is entrenched. They are determined to dispute the passage with us. Gen. Cadwallader, on his junction with Col. McIntosh, will be at the head of about 1500 strong, and he has declared that he shall soon be able to clear the road of these desperadoes—the guerillas. Although the name is not given, there is little doubt of the Mexicans being under the command of Padre Jaruela, the Spaniard, of whose exploits we have already spoken in these columns. The exact sum, in specie, conveyed by this train is $350,000. There is no authentic intelligence of the loss sustained by either party in this encounter. Dr. Harney, brother of the Colonel, it is said, received a musket ball in the leg, which was, however, but a flesh wound.

HORSE ROBBERY. A daring robbery of some forty or fifty horses and mules is said to have been perpetrated by the Mexicans on the 5th inst. close to the city. Company K, 3d dragoons, went in pursuit the next day, and after remaining out scouring the country, until the following morning, the 7th inst. returned, and reported that they saw no vestige of an enemy.

GARRISON OF VERA CRUZ. We have been informed that the number of troops at Vera Cruz, since the departure of Gen. Cadwallader, has been reduced to so low a figure as to give rise to some apprehension for the safety of the city, in case of an attack, by anything like the number said to be under Padre Jaruela. There were not more than forty men fit for duty, in the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, when the Massachusetts left.

(By Magnetic Telegraph.)

Attack and Defeat of Guerillas—General Scott Reinforced—Affairs in the City of Mexico, &c.

NEW YORK, June 27, 8 P. M.

A party left Puebla, for Vera Cruz, under the command of Capt. Bainbridge, and on the route were attacked several times by guerillas. They lost five men and one wagon. The Mexicans were repulsed. Capt. Bainbridge's party succeeded in reaching Col. McIntosh's camp. A party of guerillas attacked the camp and fired upon it all night. They reached Vera Cruz safely.

The party under Capt. Duperu was attacked by a superior force, but repulsed the enemy, killing several, with the loss of three killed and three wounded.

Gen. Cadwallader joined Col. McIntosh with a reinforcement at the National Bridge, when the whole was attacked by the Mexicans. The battle lasted several hours. The Mexicans were defeated with a loss of 100 men. The Americans lost 15 killed and 40 wounded. The train then moved forward to Jalapa.

The station at Jalapa had been broken up, Gen. Scott having opened a road from Perote to Tuspan, for supplies.

Gen. Shields had joined Gen. Scott with 1000 men.

There was not much sickness in Vera Cruz.

No preparations for resistance have been made between Puebla and the Capital. 20,000 men are reported to be in the city of Mexico. Gen. Scott will remain in Puebla until reinforced.

Santa Anna has the second time resigned his military and civil stations. Not accepted.

Five Mexican Generals had been arrested and sent to different States for confinement.

A new pronunciamento at the Capital put down. [Boston Atlas.

INTERESTING FROM THE PLAINS.—The clerk of the steamer Meteor informs us, that just as they were leaving Fort Leavenworth, on last Saturday, information reached the Fort that a train of United States wagons, under escort of Capt. William Thorp and a small body of men, had been attacked by the Camanche Indians, and some 12 or 15 of the men killed, including Capt. Thorp.

The attack was made at Cottonwood Fort. The Indians took 30 or 40 mules, 20 yoke of oxen, and such of the contents of the wagons as suited them and left, leaving the wagons and such of the property as they could not dispose of.

We also learned from the gentleman who came passenger in the Meteor, and who had been for some time among the Osages, that on the 17th May last, a party of that tribe brought in four Delaware scalps, which they had taken in an engagement with a party of the latter tribe.

The gentleman also informed us that a large number of delegates from the various Northern and Western tribes had assembled at Salt Plain, and were discussing matters of great apparent interest, though to what they related he was unable to ascertain, but thought the Council had been called for the purpose of adjusting the difficulties now existing among various tribes of the Indians.

[St. Louis Union, June 15.

A DESPERADO ARRESTED. We find the following paragraph in the Dallas (Ala.) Gazette of the 9th inst.

The notorious Haywood, the property of John W. Bridges, Esq., of Wilcox county, who murdered W. B. Goodgame last fall, was captured on Saturday morning last, in what is termed Gee's Bend, in that county. In the attempt to arrest him he shot Mr. Samuel Easley who died from the wound that evening, and bursted a cap at Mr. James Chambers. Said boy has been lodged in Wilcox jail. This makes two men whose lives have been lost in attempts to arrest him; and another, Mr. Patton, left by him for dead.

EXTRAORDINARY MUNIFICENCE. Abbott Lawrence, a gentleman who has previously been distinguished by his numerous acts of benevolence and generosity, has come forward to aid in the establishment of a school of practical science at Harvard University, for the advancement of mechanics and the arts, by the liberal donation of $50,000.

PORTLAND AND MONTREAL. The Directors of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad, at a full meeting of the Board on Monday evening last, decided to put under contract that division of the road from Danville to Norway and Paris, forthwith.

THE MORMON TEMPLE SOLD. The Warsaw (Ill.) Signal of the 12th inst. states that the Mormon Temple has been sold to a Committee of the Catholic Church, for the sum of $75,000; and that the purchasers had also bought some considerable other property in the city. The contract for the Temple, however, was so far incomplete, as to require the ratification of the Bishop. It is understood the building is to be appropriated to educational purposes connected with the Church, into whose hands it has passed.

SINGULAR CASE OF AMALGAMATION.—Jane Robinson, who on Thursday, pleaded guilty to an indictment for larceny, in the Common Pleas in this town, is a young white woman, a little past the age of "sweet sixteen," with fine auburn hair, fashionably dressed, slender form, delicate complexion, rather handsome, (say good looking,) and to cap the climax, she is the contented wife of a spruce young Ethiopian, and the *very blackest* one we ever saw. The contrast between the two, the wife being very white, and the husband extremely black, was most singular indeed. The parties are from Upton, where the husband supports his fair "dulcinea" by making baskets.—Verily it takes a strange variety to make a world. [Worcester Telegraph.

Farmers have succeeded in cutting their grain in some parts of Virginia and Maryland, and from all accounts the harvest will prove more than an average, and the quality to be very superior.

The farmers in Arkansas commenced reaping their wheat the latter part of May, and the crop is represented to be a very fine one. The editor of the Little Rock Gazette says the heads of the wheat grown in that region are as large and heavy as he has ever witnessed.

IRELAND.—A Portland shipmaster, in a letter dated at Westport, Ireland, May 20, alludes thus to the distress in Ireland.

"To give you some idea of it, the pilot tells me that on Clare Island, out of 1700 people, not over 20 have planted anything—the rest are expecting to starve to death, or, as he says, "looking for it." All that can raise enough to pay their passage are emigrating, and many of the wealthy would do so, could they dispose of their property, conscious that if things continue in this state, it cannot be long before the starving people will trample all law under foot, in spite of British bayonets, and help themselves to food wherever it can be found. The lords and landholders, too, will soon feel the famine, their lands bringing no income. None will hire them, or, if they hire, they have no idea of paying the rent—consequently it will be but a few years, if something is not done to prevent it, before the whole country must become a wilderness."

STRAWBERRIES AND MILK. The following extract of a letter from the superintendent of the New York and Erie Railroad gives some interesting statistics that are curious and surprising:

"The milk train of Tuesday night (22d) took to Yew York 80,000 baskets of strawberries. These baskets are intended to contain one pint each, but say that three baskets contain 1 quart, which is quite within bounds. Then we had 26,667 quarts or 833 bushels. These strawberries will no doubt weigh 65 pounds to the bushel—but say 60—then we had 25 *tons of strawberries alone*. The boxes and baskets weigh as much more, so that the freight was at least 50 tons. By the same train we had 28,000 quarts of milk, which weigh (a pint a pound) 25 tons, and including cans 35 tons, making a freight of 85 *tons of strawberries and milk*. The milk by both our trains equals 50 tons (50,000 quarts) daily, and including cans, 63 tons."

COOLNESS OF GEN. WORTH.—During the bombardment of Vera Cruz, this gallant officer, finding his horse considerably exhausted, despatched a servant for a bucket of water.—Just as the man was raising the bucket to the horse's mouth, a large shell struck the ground at the distance of a few yards. The man started in terror; but Gen. Worth observing the fuse was not quite burned out, said peremptorily, without moving, "Halt! empty your bucket on that thing!" The man mechanically obeyed, and Gen. Worth captured the shell whole. It was 12 inches in diameter, and weighed about 120 lbs.

SOOTHSAYING, FORTUNE TELLING, AND CLAIRVOYANCE IN THE LIMBOS.—Mr. William Huse, "recently from Providence, direct from Boston," as he advertises, under the heading, in staring capitals, of "WONDER OF THE WORLD," was called to account before the court for this exercise of his "subtle craft." He was found guilty of pretending to tell destinies and fortunes against the statute in such case made and provided. He was defended by R. A. L. Codman, Esq., and upon his promise to leave the city, was let off with one day in the House of Correction.

[Portland Argus.

The Matamoras Correspondent of the Boston Bee says;—We have a new way of barrelling rum here. This morning a private in company I, was intoxicated, and for punishment had a barrel, with both ends out, put on his head, and marched from one end of the camp to the other. The barrel was labelled *A walking rum cask—Drunk—Beware of Rum*—and other interesting mottos. I hardly think he will touch the *"corn fed"* for some time to come.

Our Relations with Brazil, with bad management, may lead to a rupture. The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce states positively that the Brazilian Minister at Washington, has been recalled by his Government. The words of the recall are given, and are considered as expressive of high displeasure, as follows:—"The Emperor deems it convenient to deprive Chevalier Gaspar Jose Lisboa of his present position of Minister Plenipotentiary near the United States."

AFFLICTING CASUALITY. We learn from the Saco Union, that a young lad of about eleven years, son of J. F. Boynton of that place, was drowned in the river, probably on Wednesday afternoon of last week. He was missed on that day, and search made through the week. On Sunday morning his body was found near one of our wharves, and carried home to his afflicted friends.

[Portland Argus.

GREAT MORTALITY. Last Thursday's Montreal Pilot says that the accounts from Grosse Isle, the quarantine ground, thirty miles below Quebec, "are of the most alarming description—nearly 2,000 immigrants have died, either on the passage out, or at the quarantine station, and typhus fever of the most malignant kind, is raging at Grosse Isle." The Quebec correspondent of the Montreal Herald had ascertained, that up to the 5th instant, 600 Roman Catholics and 75 Protestants, had been buried at Grosse Isle; that 1,300 lay sick in the churches, sheds, and tents, and that 12,000 persons were in the ships at anchor there.

RATHER ROMANTIC. The Philadelphia Chronicle relates the following romantic story;

"On inquiring the other day into the circumstances of a lively old gentleman, who boards at one of our hotels, we were told that he was poor, and supported himself by working as a lawyer's clerk. He had in his early manhood, been wealthy, but he loved a beautiful girl who unfortunately, had bestowed her affections on another young man, who was poor. On ascertaining this, the rejected lover conveyed his property to the fortunate one, on condition that he married the girl. He saw the union consummated and went to work—a poor but contented man. We look upon that old gentleman with reverence, for his nobility of soul."

TEA. The Chairman of the East India Association, being under examination lately by a Committee of the House of Commons, said:

"The whole of the supply of tea for the European market is a manufactured article. There is not a pound of tea which comes to this country from China which has not undergone a coloring process. Tea, which we call green here, is colored green, and might as well be colored yellow or blue."

THE POTATO CROP AT THE SOUTH.—A gentleman who has recently been in some of the country parishes, informs the New Orleans Picayune that the Irish potato crop never promised to be so abundant, and the quality of those which have been dug is pronounced better than any ever before grown in the State.

EXPORT OF FLOUR FROM NEW YORK.—The export of Flour, since the month has come in, is over two hundred and fifty-three thousand bbls., exceeding ten thousand bbls. a day—and that of Corn, Wheat and Barley, a little short of a million, or about forty thousand bushels a day. This is an amount of export altogether unprecedented.

LIABILITY OF PASSENGER BROKERS.—A case was recently decided in Liverpool to this effect:—A person contracting to carry passengers from one port to another, is liable for the passage money if he fails to fulfil his contract even by reason of the wreck of the ship. The passengers of the Rochester, which was wrecked a short time ago on the coast of Ireland, under this decision recovered their passage money and costs of court!

DROWNED. A young man, aged about 18 years, by name Elijah Avrill, son of Carr Avrill of Upper Stillwater, Me., was drowned on Wednesday last, at Pushaw Falls. He, in company with five others, were engaged in driving logs.

The citizens of Bath have unanimously accepted the city charter granted to them by the Legislature.

The Baltimore Patriot says that a great number of pickpockets are following the route of the President.

Charles D. Matthews, merchant in New York, owner of the Chancellor, an alleged slave ship, has been held to bail in $3000, on a charge of being engaged in the slave trade.

MARKETS.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY HEDGE, HAMLEN AND COMPANY.

ASHES, per 100 lbs.			PROVISIONS,		
Pot,	4 @	6	Pork, round hogs,	7 @	8
BEANS,			Clear salt do.	9 @	11
White,	1 00 @	1 12½	Beef, ox,	5 00 @	6 00
Pea,	1 25 @	1 42	do. cow,	4 25 @	5 00
FLOUR,	8 00 @	8 50	Butter,	10 @	12½
GRAIN,			Lard,	8 @	10
Corn,	1 05 @	1 12	Cheese,	8 @	12
Oats,	50 @	55	Mutton,	4 @	5
Wheat,	1 50 @	1 75	Chickens,	9 @	12
Rye,	1 25 @	1 50	Geese,	4 @	5
Barley,	60 @	75	Eggs,	12 @	14½
Peas, field,	1 00 @	1 50	Apples, dried,	0 @	5
HAY, loose,	8 00 @	10 00	do. cooking,	30 @	50
SEED,			do. winter,	75 @	1 00
Clover,	8 @	9	Potatoes,	37 @	50
Flax seed,	1 00 @	1 00	MEAL,		
H. Grass,	3 00 @		Indian,	@	1 12
Red top,	50 @	1 00	Rye,	00 @	1 42
PLASTER PARIS,			WOOL,		
Per ton,	0 00 @	6 00	Fleece,	22 @	25
LIME,			Pulled,	20 @	25
Thomaston, new ins.	80 @	90	Woolskins,	25 @	50

BOSTON MARKET, June 26.

FLOUR.—Sales of Genesee, common brands, at $7,62½ @ $7,75; Ohio and Michigan, $7,62½, cash; Southern generally sells quick at $8,00; some parcels of Georgetown at $8,25, cash.

CORN.—Yellow flat is held at $1,02 per bushel.

WOOL.—American full blood,	39 @ 41
¾	33 @ 36
½	33 @ 36
¼	28 @ 30
Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ℔	43 @ 45
Smyrna, washed,	00 @ 00
unwashed,	10 @ 14
Buenos Ayres,	06 @ 15
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs'	34 @ 36
No. 1, Lambs'	29 @ 31
No. 2,	18 @ 20
No. 3,	09 @ 12

BRIGHTON MARKET, June 21.

At Market, 480 Beef Cattle, 10 yokes of Working Oxen, 12 Cows and Calves, 1100 Sheep and Lambs, and 600 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra at $7,75; first quality, $7,50; second quality, $6,75 @ $7,00; third quality, $5,85 @ $6,50.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales made at $74, $82, $99, and $110.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales were noticed at $22, $36, and $39.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sales from $1,63, $2, 2,25, 3,12, 3,75 and 4.

SWINE.—Lots to peddle, 5¼ @ 6¼c. At retail from 5¾ to 7¼c.

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In this town, June 24th, by Rev. Mr. Judd, Mr. John Manley to Miss Elizabeth E. Bittues.

In this town, on Monday morning last, by Rev. Wm. A. Drew, Mr. John H. Hartford to Miss Julia E. Smith.

In Lisbon, June 13th, Dea. Nathaniel Benner to Miss Aphia F. Haley of Webster, daughter of Hon. Dea. Haley.

In China, by Wm. Percival, Esq., Mr. Elbridge Choate to Miss Clarissa Choate.

In Friendship, Pa., Rev. Richard B. Thurston of Waterville, to Miss Jane M. Pierce.

In Fairfield, Mr. Orrin Hoxie to Miss Sarah Jane Allen.

In Clinton, Mr. Philip Thayer of Waterville, to Miss Harriet Sargent of Canaan.

In Pittston, Mr. Samuel Crocker to Miss Caroline Dudley; Mr. Melvin O. Redlin, Jr., to Miss Parmela C. Bonner; Mr. Daniel Johnson, Jr., of Litchfield, to Mrs. Lucy Palmer.

In Hallowell, Mr. Franklin Hathaway to Miss Caroline Gardner.

In East Readfield, Mr. Elisha S. Case to Miss Joanna Judkins.

In Foxcroft, Mr. John Thayer to Miss Almy Hersey.

In Thomaston, Mr. John W. Norwood to Miss Lucy C. Sherman.

In Gardiner, Mr. Sewall Libby to Miss Maria Collins.

In Paris, Mr. Charles McFadden to Miss Calista Rawsen.

In Sacarappa, D. Carpenter, Esq., to Miss Frances G. Moshier; Mr. Franklin Partridge to Miss Susan F. Foster.

In Winthrop, Mr. Charles Warren to Miss Abby A. Nelson.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this town, 22d inst., Marcia C., wife of William H. Norcross, and daughter of Alexander and Susan Kincaid, aged 22.

In this town, 1st inst., at the Insane Hospital, Dr. Moses Ayer of Bangor, aged 62.

In this town, William, youngest child of Jabez Sawin, aged 2½ months.

In this town, 19th inst., Judith Ann, daughter of widow Phebe Taylor, aged 18.

In Fairfield, June 16, Andrew Archer, Esq., aged 69. He moved to Fairfield from Salem, Mass., in 1866, since which he has sustained the reputation of a valuable citizen and an honest man.

In Hopkinville, Warren Co., Ohio, June 9th, Ephraim Stevens, formerly of Phillips, Me., aged 60.

In Dixfield, June 13, of consumption, Arthur W. Berry, formerly Publisher of the Gospel Banner, aged about 30.

In Texas, Jan., 1847, John M. Spaulding, formerly of Phipsburg, aged 70.

In Readfield, Hester Ann, daughter of Rev. Joseph Lull, aged 22.

Drowned in the Androscoggin river near Jay bridge, on the 1st inst., John W., son of Enoch Noyes of Jay, aged 17 years 9 months. While engaged in washing sheep near a deep and rapid current, ere he was aware of danger, he found himself beyond the reach of human aid.

In New Sharon, Franklin Bullen, aged 22.

In Norridgewock, Frederic C., infant son of Selden and Harriet E. Wade.

In Castine, John Witherlee, aged 58.

In Wells, very suddenly, Clement Clark, aged 19.

AUGUSTA MARINE LIST.

ARRIVED.

June 27, Schr. Eastern Star, Noble, Salem.
Jane, Stinchfield, Boston.
Sloop Warren, Colman, Nantucket.
28, Susan, Upton, Boston.
Schr. Andrew Jackson, Pierce, Thomaston.

CLEARED.

June 24, Schr. Rough and Ready, Snowman, Georgetown.
25, Somerset, Hinkley, Boston.
26, Henry Freeling, Beck, Nantucket.
28, Advent, Pool, Boston.

TREASURER'S NOTICE—Rome.

NOTICE is hereby given to non-resident proprietors and owners of land and other real estate in the town of Rome, county of Kennebec, and State of Maine, that EZEKIEL CLEMENTS, Collector of said town for the year 1845, has certified to me that the same are taxed in bills committed to him to collect by the Assessors of said town of Rome, and the following sums remain due and unpaid.

Name.	Description.	No. of lot.	No. of acres.	Value.	Amount non-res. tax.	Deficient highway tax, 1844.
Daniel Sawyer,		part 35	25	60	1 41	
Smith & Sanders,		part 4	40	70	1 64	
John Page,			20	30	70	57
John Chandler, saw mill, house and			5	700		11 40
J. W. Russell,		part 73	7	35	82	
Hartley Bointon, pt Asa Eaton farm,			49	100	2 35	
C. Knight, farm on which he formerly lived,			75	200	7 05	
Town of Rome, pt C. Knight farm,			16	60	1 41	

OTIS GOODWIN, *Treasurer of Rome.*

Rome, June 15th, 1847. 25

The Muse.

[From Howitts' Journal]

IRELAND.

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

The boat swings to a rusty chain;
The sail, the oar, of use no longer;
The fisher's boy died yester-e'en,
And now the father faints with hunger.
Pale Ireland's fish is landlord's fish,
It gives him costly food and raiment;
A tattered garb, an empty dish,
These are the mournful fisher's payment.

A pastoral sound is on the wind,
With kine the roads are thronged;—O pity,
A ragged peasant crawls behind,
And drives them to the sea-port city.
Pale Ireland's herds the landlord claims—
That food which Paddy's soul desireth—
That which would nerve his children's frames,
The landlord's export trade requireth.

To him the cattle are a fount
Of joy and luxury never scanty;
And each horned head augments the amount
Which swells for him the horn of plenty.
In Paris and in London town
His gold makes gambling tables glitter,
The while his Irish poor lie down
And die, like flies in winter bitter.

Hallo! hallo! the chase is up!
Paddy, rush in—be not a dreamer!
In vain, for thee there is no hope,
The game goes by the earliest steamer!
For Ireland's game is landlord's game—
The landlord is a large encroacher!
God speed the peasant's righteous claim;
He is too feeble for a poacher!

The landlord cares for ox and hound,
Their worth a peasant's worth surpasses!
Instead of draining marish ground—
Old Ireland's wild and drear morasses—
He leaves the land a boggy fen
With sedge and useless moss grown over;
He leaves it for the water-hen,
The rabbit, and the screaming plover.

Yes! 'neath the curse of Heaven! Of waste
And wilderness four million acres!
To you corrupt, outworn, debased,
No wakening peals prove slumber-breakers!
O, Irish land is landlord's land!
And therefore by the wayside dreary
The famished mothers weeping stand,
And beg for means their dead to bury.

The wailing cry sweeps like a blast
The length and breadth of Ireland through;
The west wind which my casement passed
Brought to my ear that wail of sorrow.
Faint as a dying man's last sigh,
Came o'er the waves, my heart-strings searching,
The cry of wo, the hunger cry,
The death-cry of poor, weeping Erin.

Erin! she kneels in stricken grief,
Pale, agonized, with wild hair flying,
And strews the shamrock's withered leaf
Upon her children, dead and dying.
She kneels beside the sea, the streams,
And by her ancient hills' foundations,—
Her, more than Byron's Rome, beseems
The title, "Niobe of Nations."

The Story-Teller.

[From the Lady's Book.]

THE LINDLEYS; OR, HABITS AND HAVINGS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

There needs a vast deal of kindly philosophy to live in a country where property is infinitely subdivided by law, as well as constantly changing hands by the fluctuation of circumstances. We Americans ought to be the most prudent people in the world, but unfortunately we are anything else. Habits and means are continually at war, habits of expense struggling with poverty, habits of economy made to seem, and to be, meanness, or changed into the wildest and most selfish extravagance by the acquisition of wealth. Every body aspires to everything, and this limitless competition, which is a blessing when it is properly understood, becomes a curse when it is suffered to induce a universal restlessness, making content a thing unknown among us. Ceaseless labor, angry and envious repining, and wasted lives and broken hearts, are the consequence in one class; while almost equally painful effort, pride, selfishness, and hardness of heart, are but too apt to characterize the other. Every day's experience teems with the examples of these errors. We will select an instance from the mass.

Mary Foster married very young and very well, though her father, a wealthy merchant, was not quite satisfied with the bridegroom's pecuniary condition. He, himself, beginning with nothing, and having been educated in habits of great economy, had acquired a large fortune, and with it the very highest appreciation of the blessings of money. Mr. Lindley was a young lawyer in good practice, belonging to a wealthy family, and sanguine in his anticipations of fame and fortune at the bar. But his income was as yet precarious, and Mr. Foster would have been better pleased, if the marriage had been deferred until something solid had been acquired to begin upon. He was very indulgent, however, and could not bear to see a cloud on Mary's brow; so he gave her a handsome outfit, and the young couple commenced house-keeping, in a style scarcely inferior to that of their parents.

Mr. Foster did not live to realize the half million which was the goal of his ambition, and when his estate came to be settled, and the property divided among a large family and a young second wife, for whom be provided handsomely, the portion of each child was small in comparison with their *habits.* Lindley began to look a little grave, when he found his wife's fortune so far less than he had anticipated. His father's family were living to the extent of their means, and therefore little likely to have any surplus; and he was talking very seriously of retrenchment, when he himself, in the prime of his days, was stricken with illness, and after lingering a long time, died, leaving Mary, at thirty, a widow with five children.

Retrenchment now began in earnest, although it was far short of what it should have been. Six persons were to be supported in luxury on a moderate income, which there was no present prospect of increasing; and this required all Mrs. Lindley's management and economy. She did what she could, but still struggled to maintain the appearance of style, making all sacrifices but that of show, and every year saw the struggle more and more difficult. A smaller house, fewer servants, less expensive dress, came down to a very small house, one servant, and dress that allowed no fashionable visiting—that is to say—to a style which, if adopted at first, would have saved all anxiety; yet by the time the eldest son was ready to undertake business on his own account, very little capital was forthcoming for him to begin with. He was an excellent young man, however, and the house with which he had been several years as a clerk, received him as a partner on favorable terms, so that here seemed a gleam of sunshine.

Fanny Lindley, the eldest girl, was largely endowed with the "fatal gift of beauty," and although beauty is too common among us to be often the foundation of pecuniary speculation, as we are told it is abroad, she happened to attract the attention of a gentleman, who, coming home very rich from South America, thought he could afford to please his fancy to a wife. He was not very young, nor very handsome, but he had seen something of the world, possessed a good address, and was a most attentive lover; so we cannot wonder that Fanny, who had felt a thousand times that nothing but money was needed to make her mother's family perfectly happy, was, in time, persuaded to fancy herself in love, too.

We must do Mrs. Lindley the justice to say that she warned her daughter against mistaking her feelings, and laid before her the sin and misery of marrying for money; and if the poor widow did not plead quite so earnestly for the truth as she might have done, if her fireside had been wider, it was weakness, and not wickedness, which induced her to sanction the sacrifice. Fanny was so lovely! and it seemed such a pity that she, who would adorn a palace, should be condemned to a penurious economy, which seemed likely to become more and more strict and painful.

So Fanny Lindley became Fanny Winterfield—or rather, as we ought to say,—Mrs. Winterfield, since the accession of dignity that she acquired on that occasion, should admonish us to be more respectful. An elegant house, furnished without regard to expense, a carriage or two, plenty of servants, and a wardrobe fit for an ambassadress, made no small change in the condition of Mrs. Lindley's eldest daughter, who, beautiful and accomplished as she was, had been accustomed for some years to look at these things only from a distance, with eyes that tried hard not to be envious. No wonder that Fanny became at once the supreme object of attention, admiration, and *quotation* to her family. Mrs. Lindley, especially, was dazzled by this new glimpse of the expensive way of life in which she had been educated.—"Happy Fanny," she said every day.

"Make haste, Anne, and get the breakfast table out of the way, for Fanny is coming for me this morning to go shopping with her, and we look so poverty-stricken here, after her elegant Dresden set," said Mrs. Lindley, one morning.

"Fanny is accustomed to our old breakfast things, mother," said Anne, who was a quiet, reasonable girl, and not having been brought up with her mother's expensive habits, found it much easier to conform to her situation.

"Very true, my dear," said Mrs. Lindley, "but contrast is everything, you know. While Fanny saw no other, I dare say these seemed very comfortable; now, the case is altered. At any rate there is no need of thrusting these things before her. We ought to try to appear as well as possible, even for her sake."

Anne sighed, and occupied herself in making the tiny parlors as smart as their well-worn furniture would allow. Fanny came, all radiant with smiles, and looking so charming in her delicate morning dress, that her mother was ready to fall down and worship her. They spent the whole morning in shops of various descriptions, where thousands of 'unconsidered trifles' that go to the perfecting of an elegant establishment were purchased, as well as several pretty articles of dress for Mrs. Lindley and Anne.

"Anne," said Mrs. Winterfield, as she threw a handsome lace pelerine over her sister's shoulders, "I want you to look as nice as can be, Mr. Winterfield is going to invite a few of his friends, and wished me to ask you and mother; and I should be mortified to death if you did not appear as well as anybody. We are to have several people from the south, and a great heiress, who I dare say is not half so pretty as you."

So she ran on, but tears came to Anne's eyes. "Was there already such a difference? Had Fanny begun to measure her respectability by such a standard?"

She then thanked Fanny for the pelerine, but thought within herself that it would cut but a sorry figure over a faded silk, which was the only dress she could muster for a small party. Mrs. Lindley, in her usual dress of black, always looked lady-like at least.

The evening came, and Fanny received her mother and sisters with her usual affection, and her guests with a gentle grace, which delighted her husband. They were very gay people and overpoweringly dressed. Anne began to think she might have worn her bridesmaid costume. Lace, velvet, diamonds—such splendor! Not much conversation, to be sure, but a good deal of talk and good music. Miss Venton, "the great heiress," as Mrs. Winterfield whispered to Anne, was persuaded to sing, and after giving her bouquet to one gentleman, her elegant downy fan to another, and her gloves to a third, tucking her embroidered kerchief in the most approved manner under the music book, and shaking the blood out of her hands by an upward movement not a little practiced on such occasions, she began. Anne Lindley was observing all this, yet she started involuntarily at the first burst of song. It was as if some very heavy person had trodden upon a dog's foot. Such a note, or rather succession of notes! The strain grew more human after a while, and the bravura concluded with the usual operatic close, which requires the support of an orchestra at least.

"Splendid, is it not?" said Fanny to her sister. "Miss Vinton has taken lessons of B— and Q— and Z— ever since she could reach an octavo. Her education has cost thousands!"

Poor Fanny! she had learned the vulgar estimate, even of music.

Anne was asked to sing, and complied with her usual modest self-possession, but her delicate pathetic song seemed faded and insipid (to that company,) after Miss Vinton's.—Fanny felt mortified. "Anne was so tame," she said to her husband, afterwards; "she was quite put down by Miss Vinton."

This evening, the first they had spent at Fanny's with company, concluded, not without its mortifications to Anne and her mother. There was a sense of estrangement which they could hardly account for, and which they did not mention to each other, although each felt it keenly. Some particulars, however, they did mention, though they forebore to carry out the deductions.

"I think Mr. Winterfield might have sent us home in the carriage, or at least sent for one, if he did not choose to have his own out in the rain," said Mrs. Lindley, as she sat with Anne talking over the party, before what had been a fire.

"It rained but little," Anne said, "and perhaps Mr. Winterfield did not know that it rained at all."

"Oh, yes,—he knew it, for I heard him, when he saw Miss Vinton to the door, call for an umbrella, although she declared it was not necessary. He did not see us to the door."

"He considered us as belonging to the family," said Anne, against her conscience, for she knew very well that her brother-in-law's manner bespoke anything else.

"Ah! my dear Anne," said poor Mrs. Lindley, with a deep sigh, "you must not expect Fanny will feel as she has done towards her own family. Did you notice how secretly she gave me the cake for the boys? It was as if she smuggled it for fear her servants should see it. If it had not been for some such feeling, she would have sent a servant with it, instead of giving it to me to carry."

This may serve as a specimen of the intercourse between Fanny and her family, after the wide separation of their fortunes. There had been a vague notion that riches, even to one member of the family, would prove a blessing to all; yet here were heart-burnings and disappointed affection on one side, and frequent mortification and vexation on the other. It was not that the Lindleys wished to share Mr. Winterfield's fortune, or be burdensome to him in any way; but that they were wholly unprepared for the distinction which instantly arose between the rich and the poor members of the same family. Mrs. Winterfield tried hard to make it otherwise, and resisted, as far as possible, the estranging influences of her situation; but she had her husband to please, and it pleased him to make the most of his wealth, in every way for his own gratification. The difference between Fanny's appearance and her sister's, secretly gratified him, for he was a mean man, though not an essentially vicious one. He loved to confer a favor now and then, but it must be something that *told.* He held it to be miserable economy of means which allowed bounty or kindness to flow in a thousand scarce perceptible channels, increasing comfort but not making itself evident as bounty, like the stream

> That by a livelier green
> Betrays its silent course, itself unseen.

And he watched Fanny very closely, lest she should subtract something from her own expenses in order to be generous to her sister. Indeed, he became, after a while, so weary, that, instead of supplying his wife with money, he desired her to buy whatever she wished and have the bills made out in full and sent to him, observing that it was more convenient to him to pay in checks. So that Mrs. Winterfield, whatever may have been her inclination, had no opportunity of practising the little self-denials which would have enabled her to lighten her mother's cares, and to lessen the obvious difference between the condition of the families. With the ingenuity of real affection, Fanny tried another mode of making her wealth of some little advantage to her mother. She wished Mr. Winterfield to invite Anne to reside with them, knowing that, however reluctant Mrs. Lindley might be to part with her, she would not hesitate if such an advantage were offered. But being aware of her husband's foible of ostentation, she endeavored to make the suggestion come from himself, and only observed how well fitted Anne was to grace any society, and the pity that she should be so secluded. Mr. Winterfield assented to all this, but remarked that young women, after all, were none the better for being too much in company, and declared he had no doubt Anne would "catch" some rich man yet. Fanny bit her lip, and scarce avoided expressing what she felt at his reply. A little reflection enabled her to pursue her point for her sister's sake, and she changed the mode of attack, saying plainly that it would be a great relief to her mother if Anne were provided for. Mr. Winterfield made no reply, but seemed very much absorbed in getting at a secret drawer in his escritoire.

"I do not know but poor Anne will be obliged to attempt giving music lessons," pursued Fanny, determined to have an answer from her prudent lord.

"Music lessons? the very thing?" exclaimed Mr. Winterfield; "what a capital idea! how came anything so practical into your head, Fanny? That will be the best possible way of getting back part of the money that your mother has—" he paused for a word, he was going to say "squandered," but changed it to "lavished"—"has lavished on her education. I will give her my two nieces to begin with, and they can recommend her to everybody!"

The practical man was so pleased with the plan, that he did not notice Fanny's evident mortification, at being thus promptly taken at her word. He lost no time in proposing it to Anne, saying that as his nieces must have a teacher, it would be necessary for her to decide immediately. Thus urged, Anne, who had some floating thoughts of making the effort for her mother's sake, resolved upon beginning at once, and in spite of Mrs. Lindley's reluctance, she commenced with two little girls the very next week, though her mother felt sure, to the last moment, that Fanny would never permit such a sacrifice, while she was living in the greatest magnificence.

Fanny wept with vexation, but she was powerless. Her husband had that sort of quiet, self-complacent determination which walks over everybody else's will without an apparent effort, and he held the purse-strings with so firm a hand that he secured a deference that almost amounted to awe, from all about him. Anne felt it, perhaps, less than anybody, especially after she could support herself, and enjoyed the natural consequence of that discovery. Mr. Winterfield felt her glance sometimes, when he said or did anything particularly little, and she occasionally took her own part in a way that made him stare.

"I told Fanny she might give you her purple mantilla," said he, one day to Anne. "She has just received the one I ordered for her from Paris."

"Thank you," said Anne, "but I have no occasion for it."

"I am sure it looks a great deal better than your shawl," retorted Mr. Winterfield, rather angrily.

"Perhaps so," said Anne, "but I like the shawl best."

Anne spoke civilly enough, but the least show of spirit was so new to Mr. Winterfield, that he was not a little discomposed. But a far greater trial of his temper was in store. A bachelor friend of his, just returned from South America, and come home, like himself, determined to enjoy to the utmost, the golden ingots he had collected there, visited frequently at his house, and was pleased with Anne's elegant manners and appearance, as well as her musical abilities, which were often in requisition at Mr. Winterfield's. Mr. Winterfield immediately undertook to make a match; put on a patronizing air with regard to Anne, criticised her dress with a mysterious, business-like face, and even presented her with several articles that were not second-hand, which he thought would improve her appearance. The matter went on for some time without attracting Miss Lindley's notice. She observed that her brother-in-law was disposed to be unusually gracious, and always wishing, for her sister's sake, to be on good terms with him, she met him half way, and was equally obliging. She allowed herself to be seated with Mr. Broughton at chess, or at piquet, or to be placed by his side in the carriage for a drive, without ever supposing anything but that she was assisting Fanny to be civil to her husband's old friend. Mr. Broughton was to her a comfortable, dull bachelor, whose florid countenance bespoke high living, and whose puffy walk betrayed a rather disproportioned obesity—and nothing more. She never gave him a thought beyond this ordinary notice. But by and by Mr. Winterfield's "nods and becks and wreathing smiles," became too palpable, and Anne, waking up, saw through the game. From this time neither artifice, argument nor persuasion could induce her to enter Mr. Winterfield's house at any hour of the day when the bachelor beau could possibly be there, and when he called at Mrs. Lindley's he never saw anybody but that lady herself.

Mr. Winterfield was outrageous. He inveighed against Anne's ridiculous pride, and prophesied it would have a fall; reproached her with the trouble he had thrown away on this capital scheme, and even of the money he had spent in furtherance of it. This brought matters to a crisis. Anne sent back in disdain every article he had given her, and was only deferred by her sister's tears and entreaties, from resolving never to enter his house again. While things were in this unhappy state, Mr. Broughton made a rather pompous offer of his heart and hand, which were civilly but decidedly declined by Miss Lindley.

This was a sad disappointment to poor Mrs. Lindley, who had all along cherished a hope that Anne would yet be induced to look with favor upon her wealthy suitor. Strange that a mother, after seeing the little happiness brought by a large estate to her eldest daughter, could yet covet a similar lot for the younger. Yet how common is this inconsistency? Anne, with her spirit, her talent, her elegance, would make such a magnificent woman, if she were only placed in a proper position.

Anne had another suitor, far less agreeable to her mother, but a good deal more acceptable to herself; and Mrs. Lindley's constant fear was that Anne would "throw herself away" upon Henry Carr.

"He will never be rich," Mrs. Lindley would say: he buys books, he takes no interest in politics, and he is an enthusiast. Enthusiasts never make money."

"Perhaps they need it less than other men, dear mother," said Anne.

"How so? does not everybody need money?"

"Certainly; but I have observed that those whose pleasures are from within—that is, I mean, independent of others, need less."

"What strange ideas you have Anne! as if anybody that is poor, could be happy."

"Do you think Mr. Winterfield is happier than Henry Carr, mother?"

"Why—I do not know—he does not seem so, certainly. But then Mr. Winterfield has so many cares! He is harrassed to death by his agents and his debtors, and people about business. If it were not for that he has everything to make him happy, I am sure."

"Henry Carr supports his mother and sisters by his own unassisted efforts; yet he has more leisure, and I really believe, far more enjoyment than Mr. Winterfield."

"He has made you believe so Anne, because he would persuade you to marry him."

"Dear mother," said Anne, with emotion, "I will never marry him or anybody else while I am necessary to your comfort."

"But," insisted Mrs. Lindley, "why couldn't you accept Mr. Broughton, then?"

"Would it add to your comfort, to have me as Fanny is, mother? separated from us almost as much so as if she had never been one of your flock, and herself more and more enslaved to what she, or her husband for her, calls the "duties of society." When you are ill, who would nurse you, if I had a husband like Mr. Winterfield, whose selfish maxim, that a lady's place is in her own parlor, never allows Fanny to even spend the day with you?"

"Mr. Winterfield is certainly very exacting—but Mr. Broughton is a very different person—"

"Yes—a *bon vivant,*-with no more conversation than an automaton; who drinks more wine than he speaks words at the dinner table. To hope for kindness or sympathy from such a man would be madness. But, dear mother, once for all, I can never marry for an establishment, and if I ever marry at all—"

"It will be Henry Carr! I thought so! and live in poverty all your life!"

"I will not marry to live in poverty—I will not marry while there are fears of it; so be content, mother, and do not urge me to leave you."

Anne was as good as her word. Mr. Carr's sisters married, and his mother went to reside with one of them, but Anne still taught music and remained the main stay of her mother's household. Her eldest brother had been unfortunate, and obliged to begin the world anew. The younger ones were educated as well as very narrow means would allow; and they were now seeking employment—a search in which so many young men of what are called "good families" spend months and years of depressing anxiety. They have a "position" to support; friends and relatives whose pride will be wounded by their adopting any profession below a certain grade; yet this consideration, while it serves to embarrass their choice, does nothing towards providing them with subsistence. Old Mr. Lindley offered to do something for them if they would go to sea, but they were both averse to this, and the old gentleman declined interfering any further in their fortunes. He was one of those who think it absurd for people of no property to have either opinions or feelings. By the aid of Mr. Carr, however, they at last procured tolerable eligible situations, and Mrs. Lindley had the satisfaction of seeing all her sons doing well, though with small prospect of the "fortune," for which she had always sighed.

It was not long before Mr. Broughton found his addresses more acceptable in another quarter, and, as soon as he was married, Anne became again a visitor at Mr. Winterfield's, but she could not but perceive that even her sister felt less cordially towards her after this unlucky incident. Fanny was gradually becoming a good deal moulded by her husband's force of character, and she learned to think with him, that such pride in one situated as Anne was, was quite absurd. If she had been asked whether happiness had been the result of her own marriage, the question would perhaps, have embarrassed her not a little; but she would probably have concluded by answering in the affirmative, since the appliances of wealth had become so necessary to her, that the thought of happiness without them scarcely entered her mind. Her husband treated her kindly, at least as kindly as was consistent with the complete merging of her character and wishes in his. If she had ventured upon opposition, we might have had a different story to tell. As it was, she believed herself at least "as happy as married women generally are"—a sad estimate! Can it be the true one?

Mrs. Winterfield had a family of daughters, some of whom were now growing old enough to begin what is technically called their "education;" and governesses, and masters, and stocks, and braces, and all the paraphernalia of nature-extinguishers were in requisition to make the Miss Winterfields all that young ladies of large expectation should be. Aunt Anne was of great use in all these matters, although her instructions in music, thoroughly excellent as they were, were not considered "stylish" enough for her pieces. Mr. Winterfield said, "Everybody has Z—now. A young lady's reputation as a performer, depends upon having Z—." This was, of course, somewhat disadvantageous to Anne, as the world soon began to fancy that if her teaching were just what it should be, Mr. Winterfield would allow her to instruct his daughters. Anne felt this, but she none the less cheerfully lent her aid to her sister in the care of the young people, who had now become her only thought. The children Mr. Winterfield considered as a part of his own dear self, and insisted that every thing should be sacrificed to them, so that Fanny, worn down and prematurely old with care and confinement, became almost a cipher in her own house.

At thirty, and not before, Anne Lindley ventured to marry, and Mr. Winterfield, took the opportunity to disclaim all connection with her. "Such folly—such insanity," he said, in his sister-in-law, "to disgrace herself by a marriage so decidedly beneath her—with a person not known in society!" He charged Fanny to break off all intercourse with her sister, and but for shame's sake would have extended the proscription to the rest of the family. Fanny, no longer the Fanny of former years, made no resistance to this decree, and, more and more absorbed in her own affairs, or rather those of her husband and children, seldom saw even her mother.

But Mr. Winterfield, although, as he often boasted, he was his "own insurer," and although he always seemed to think himself raised above the ills of life, he found his beloved thousands inefficient to resist the intrusion of the disease. His affairs calling him to South America, he was there seized with a fever, and died after a short illness. His remains were brought home, and laid in the earth with so much pomp that it seemed a pity he could not have witnessed the ceremony. The mourning, too, was of the most profound kind. Such loads of crape and bombazine as bespoke the desolation of that household. Even the Italian greyhound that was the bosom companion of Miss Isidora, had his blue ribbon exchanged for a black one, and the new letter paper ordered for the occasion was imbued with grief to the depth of half an inch.

But the will! It was a singular one, though perhaps not inconsistent with the character of Mr. Winterfield. His immense estate was left entirely to his three daughters, who, the testator was certain, would provide properly for their mother! This was undoubtedly a device to exclude Fanny's family, since Mr. Winterfield, if he had made any provision for his widow, could not in decency have made less than a handsome one, and he feared that Fanny might, even after all his tuition, have been disposed to share it in some measure with her relatives.

By the present arrangement all such fear was excluded. The daughters had been brought up in the most intense selfishness, and from the time they were made acquainted with the tenor of their father's will, their extravagances knew no bounds. The elder ones were soon emancipated from the control of their mother, and contrived to make her very bread bitter by their undutiful conduct. Fanny, whose character had been crushed under the iron rule of Mr. Winterfield, ceased to attempt the regulation of affairs, and the three girls became, in succession, the prey of dissolute fortune-hunters. The great house, the scene of Fanny's first splendor, was sold, with all its rich furniture, and she who had once exulted in being its mistress was without a home. Now was the time for Henry Carr, the "enthusiast," who never was, and never will be rich, to open his doors to his wife's sister, and make her an honored member of his family, with the mere chance of a pittance from her graceless daughters. He who never had an expensive piece of furniture in his house, could afford to be generous, and his wife, whose dress was noted for its extreme simplicity, always found wherewithal to clothe some who were less fortunate than herself. Mr. Lindley's family learned at last to accommodate their wishes to their havings, and the old lady herself confessed, that, of all her children, not one had been so unfortunate as she whom they all once called "Happy Fanny!"

A RAPPAHANNOCK SETTLER.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York "Spirit" tells a rich story of a "saw" which he run upon a Rappahannock settler—a real, "ginoowine," live one, whom he scared up on the the steamboat Pocahontas, between Norfolk and Richmond, Va. The joker was sitting upon the taffrail of the boat, looking very unconcernedly upon the foaming spray as it was dashed from under the propellers of the boat, when his attention was arrested by a rather queerish, veteran-looking personage coming towards him. The latter, on coming within six feet of the railing, halted, and protruding his hickory cord-wood stick of a cane, so as to reach within a few inches of the boat's gunwale, and bearing upon it so as to prevent his falling overboard, thus addressed the Philadelphian:

"Stranger, h'aint you afeerd to squat out thar, on that railing, while this 'ere etarnal thing is pitching through this li'kar this way?"

"Why, stranger," says I, "I reckon you have never been on board a steamboat before!"

"Well, I'll be dod leezed if you aint about right, thar, and I would not have bin on this etarnal thing only I had to go down to Old Point Comfort to see about getting my boy volunteered to go and lick the Mexicums, but I—(here the engineer let off steam)—"Hello, Stranger," cried he, stopping abruptly in his speech, "what on arth is that? The biler's *bust, surtin.*"

Here he made a sudden spring, and unless I had caught him, would have gone overboard.

"Oh," said I, "that is nothing; only the captain wants a little more steam put on; but go on with what you were saying."

"Wall, I was saying he wanted to go out and take *Texico,* but I found him, and am fetching him back to keep an eye on the niggers."

Here he pointed to a sallow-looking, green-cheese specimen of the biped race, some six feet three inches in height, whose legs protruded through his pantaloons at least nine inches.

"Why, stranger," said I, "talking about fast travelling, this is nothing to the way we run the boats on to the East. The people get so excited there about running races, that they spend fortunes in ascertaining the quickest way of generating steam. One man in particular, I recollect, had all he was worth with him, in the shape of hams and shoulders, and one of the opposition boats coming alongside and threatening to pass us, he offered the captain the whole lot *to make steam with.* The captain accepted them, and the consequence was, that the steam was so powerful that the sides of the boat and the wheels *left the keel and went on* at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and arrived at the wharf early in the evening! The next morning we saw the keel coming up the Sound, through the impetus it had received at the time of separation, and shoot into its place between the wheels! *That* is what I call *going it.*"

The settler, after this speech, was "taken with a leaving!"

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